

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

CASH

POISON

ONE · PENNY

POWDER



"HULLO THERE! WHY SO QUICK AT THIS TIME IN THE MORNING?"



"To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime has been
Just retribution."

—LONGFELLOW, "Masque of Pandora."

WHAT visitor to Paris does not know the high road through the "Gay City" which spans the River Seine by means of the bridge known as the Pont Neuf—that line of communication between the Palace of the Tuileries and the lordly Louvre, on the one hand, and the Palais de Justice and the once vice-haunted Cité on the other? Who has not admired the equestrian statue of Henry IV., better known as "The Bronze Horse," and who has not lingered, as he crossed this perhaps noblest bridge of the French capital, to allow the eye to follow the striking panorama spread along the banks of the sluggish river, made lively with the little steamboats gliding swiftly over its surface? Of all the bridges in Paris, the Pont Neuf is assuredly the most historical. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Hôtel Dieu, the Préfecture de Police, the Conciergerie (adjoining the Palais de Justice), in which Marie Antoinette, Napoleon III., Robespierre, and others were confined, are all on this famous Isle de la Cité, which stands in the centre of the river and is linked to both shores by the fine Pont Neuf.

To follow the mysteries of the most extraordinary crime which I am about to record, it will be necessary for us to take a flight back in fancy to the period just before the fall of the empire; to be particular, to the end of the year 1868, when Napoleon was tottering upon his throne, with Paris in jeopardy and the population's feeling fermenting as wildly as at any epoch of France's history save during the two revolutions. In the sixties, perhaps, the Quartier Latin of Paris kept up its reputation for disorder more than ever, and the crowded thoroughfares in the vicinity of the School of Medicine, the Mint, and, in fact, the whole neighbourhood between the Seine and the Boulevard de Saint Germain was a great source of trouble to the police. It was a standing order that the "caboulots" (small drinking shops), which were very numerous in the Quartier Latin, should close at one o'clock in the morning, and it was with no little difficulty this was carried out by the gendarmes; for the students and "étudiants" (their girl companions, grisettes and others) were terribly noisy and unruly, and it was quite a job to get the streets cleared, for even after the taverns closed, places of refreshment, like that notorious shop in the Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, kept by Mother Gibord, and known as the "Gros-Nœud-Marin" (big sailor's knot), would entertain these wild young medicos and their disreputable hangers-on until the small hours of the morning.

Besides having to grapple with these troublesome individuals, the preservers of the peace had to deal with a gang of thieves whose cleverness quite outwitted them. They were known in 1868 as the "Briseurs de Portes" (which means, literally, "door-breakers"), and were an organised set of rogues, the terror of Paris, breaking into jewellers' shops and houses, making great hauls, and leaving the marks of the same tools wherever a robbery took place, proving without a doubt that it was one big band at work. So it may be imagined that the police had their hands full, and it was found necessary to increase the force at night, especi-

ally in the neighbourhood of the Quartier Latin, in the 6th Arrondissement.

As the action of this story takes place in that district, it will be as well for me to point out a few of the streets that we shall visit, and note their situation. Crossing the Pont Neuf, to which I have referred, we are in the Rue Dauphine, a wide, straight thoroughfare leading from the bridge, and adjoining the Rue Mazarine at the Rue de Buci, the latter a short, curved street, which connects the first-named thoroughfare with the Rue St. André des Arts, Rue de Seine, and the Boulevard de St. Germain, crossing which is the Rue Princesse, leading to the Place and the Rue St. Sulpice. All these thoroughfares are very densely populated, and within a few minutes' walk of each other, whilst they are as familiar to the man who knows his Paris as the Borough and Southwark Bridge Road, with their principal turnings, are to a true Cockney.

Now, having given an outline of the "scene plot," let me proceed with the dramatic story of the tragedy, which I shall tell as nearly as possible in the words of M. Gustave Macé, the young commissary of police who, by his marvellous energy and astuteness, was instrumental in rescuing this extraordinary case from finding a place amongst the many undiscovered crimes. Before doing so, however, I wish to impress upon my readers the assertion that in the relation of these facts there is no attempt whatever to highly colour the details, nor to add in any way to that which actually transpired.

It may not be known to everybody that in France—by means of what is called "procès-verbal" (official report)—every detail, every conversation overheard, every statement or confession, the most careful records of time of day, of date, weather, and, in fact, the most extraordinary minuteness in the description of everything is made. To a Parisian police officer this becomes absolutely an art, and when I inform my readers that M. Gustave Macé's description of this crime occupies no less than 330 pages of printed matter, each containing an average of as many words—a total of over a hundred thousand—it may be well understood that not an iota of detail connected with this terrible crime has been omitted.

In 1874 I happened to be in Paris, and had the honour of an introduction to M. Macé, who had then made his mark as a detective, and became "Chef du Service de Sureté" through his extraordinary abilities in fathoming the deepest crimes. I also had the good fortune to converse with some of those whose names appear in the history of the tragedy, and visited the various scenes which will be found described. And now to proceed.

It was a bitterly cold night, that of Monday, December 21st, 1868, in Paris. The thermometer showed several degrees of frost, and the wind was very keen, while the sky was cloudy. It was not by any means agreeable to turn out to do a night's duty in a city like the "gay capital" in those days, for although the police worked in pairs they were never safe from brutal assault. M. Crispin, the inspector of the station at the Rue Christine, near the Mint, had given

his men special instructions on this particular evening, for they were making a special attempt to trap the "Briseurs de Portes," and the times of shifting duty were to be altered, the "point" duty was to be changed, and the "beats" in-



Through the door of an old house.

creased. Two officers told off together were M. Ringué and M. Champy. The first-named was an old, experienced sergeant-de-ville, who had been through the Crimean War, had gained the "croix des braves obscurs" (equivalent to our Victoria Cross), the medal of Sebastopol, and had seen fourteen years' police service in Paris. Ringué's comrade, Champy, who always worked with him, was a young man who had also done his time in the army. He was a provincial, coming from de Chaumont, in the Haute-Marne, a smart fellow, and a very apt pupil of the veteran's.

The pair of them were told off to do the ordinary work of seeing to the closing of the "caboulots" in the neighbourhood of the streets I have already mentioned, when they were to take up point duty at the "carrefour" (cross roads) de Buci, an admirable spot to keep a sharp eye upon several suspicious thoroughfares. Pulling their cloaks around them they stood up close to the wall, in an angle which gave them shelter from the cutting wind, and kept watch in different directions.

Not a soul was about, for they had seen the usually noisy students disperse earlier than usual that night, and Mother Gribord's shop had been deserted soon after midnight. Suddenly the younger officer clutched his comrade's arm.

"Look! quick! there is a man with some parcels coming down the Rue Mazarine," said Champy.

"Yes, I see," replied Ringué. "He looks suspicious. Keep still, he is coming on our side. Don't move an inch. He'll not see us in the shadow here."

The two policemen kept quite still as the man walked quickly in their direction, coming to the centre of the Place Buci. Then he hesitated, and as he did so, the policemen were able to take keen notice of him. He was short, and rather corpulent. His hair was cut close, and, together with his beard,

seemed by that particular light to be black. He had a tall silk hat, and thrown over his shoulder was a rug. He also wore rather a long overcoat. Under his right arm he held a parcel, and in his left hand a basket. After looking around him for a moment, the man went near to the commencement of the Rue Grégoire-de-Tours, when he was stopped suddenly by the police, who came quickly from their hiding-place and barred his way.

"Hulloa, there! Why so quick at this time in the morning, *chargé comme un mulet Espagnol?*" [loaded like a Spanish mule] said Ringué, in a brusque tone.

The man appeared confused for the moment, and did not reply. Then the officers stepped up to him, and said, "You say nothing. Very well, come with us to the police station. You will give your explanation to the inspector there." Then, turning to his comrade, he added, "Keep your eyes on him, Champy, and see that he drops nothing."

The stranger, at once recovering himself, asked, "Where is the police office?"

"Place St. Sulpice, of course," answered Ringué.

"So much the better," said the man. "Then we are going to pass through the Rue Princesse, where I live, and one of you gentlemen will be kind enough to go to my apartments and acquaint my wife, who is very anxious about my arrival. I should have been home at eleven o'clock, but the train left the rails at Clairvieux, having broken an axle-tree, and we were three hours late, and very lucky were we at not having suffered any injury."

"Where do you come from?" asked Ringué.

"From Langres," replied the stranger.

"You ought to have said so at first," said the policeman.

"You did not give me time. I was passing quietly, you come to me suddenly and tell me that I must accompany you



Quietly lowered it into the well.

to the police station. If you think it is easy to give an explanation when one is hurriedly challenged like that, you must be an extraordinary individual. I see by your medals that you are an old soldier. Perhaps that will account for your quick challenge. Let it pass," said the man pleasantly.

"Well, but you are in the street at such an hour, and carrying parcels. Why did you not take a four-wheeler from the station with such an amount of luggage?" asked the officer.

"Ah, I would have been very pleased to have found one at the station; but the cabmen had very good reason to clear off when the train was so much behind, and it freezing so hard. Neither did I see one on my way, or I should certainly have hailed him. Indeed, I have been long enough on the road, for I have met nobody but policemen, and they have every one of them stopped me like you. I have had to give the same explanation, or I should have been in bed by this time. But, look here, my friend, what is the matter? Has anything happened in Paris since I left a month ago that all good citizens should be suspected like this?"

By this time, Ringué, who had been so suspicious, began to think that he was wrong, for the stranger became

Stuck upon the parcel was a railway label with the following words:

"COMPAGNIE DU CHEMIN DE FER DE L'EST.

"Bureau expéditeur: LANGRES.—Destination, PARIS."

By this time Ringué was confident that all was in order. But, just to satisfy himself, he pressed his hand around the plump hams, and the younger policeman opened the basket and turned out the contents under the gaslight. It contained a pot of honey, butter, chestnuts, sweets, some gingerbread, for which the town of Langres is as celebrated as Everton is for its toffee. Everything, therefore, seemed so satisfactory that Ringué said, "All right; you may go on."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I must say, though, that the delay caused me has been very annoying." And then he added, in a significant tone, "You know, gentlemen,



"TO-MORROW, SUNDAY, I INTEND TO COME HERE FISHING."

most calm and communicative. Still, the young officer, who still suspected, did not mean to let him off so lightly. He said, "I think you said you were born at Langres. It's very strange. I know the place well, and your accent is not in the least like theirs; you have not the nasal twang which identifies those countrymen."

"No, my friend, you are mistaken. I did not tell you I was born there. I only said that I came from it. You can very well tell by my speech that I am not born in the country. My wife has relations there, and I had to go on business."

"What are you carrying on your shoulder there?" said Ringué.

"That is an old rug my aunt gave me when I left to keep my knees warm. Perhaps you would like to know what is in this parcel, eh?" and the man placed it upon the pavement. There are inside two fine hams. Feel them; are they not fine? Are they not splendid? Smell them. They are sufficiently appetising to make a dying man feel hungry."

I am not quite a stranger to you. I am of use sometimes to the *gros légumes de la maison* [reference to the political spies of the period]. I am in communication with the Messieurs D— N— N—."

Ringué started when he heard his superiors' names mentioned, and at once knew that the man must be in some way connected with the secret police. His manner changed. "Ah, I see," he observed, "you are associated with the political section of the force. We have nothing to do with that. Good-bye. Christmas is within three days. I hope you will enjoy your hams and the other good things. Good night."

"*Tout à votre service*," replied the man, and, picking up his parcels, moved off down the Rue Grégoire-de-Tours.

Directly the traveller had lost sight of the policeman, he hugged the wall in the shade, quickly turning his head from time to time to see if he were being followed. He soon reached the Rue du Tours, and arriving opposite the Rue Princesse, he suddenly disappeared in a corner protected by a rail which led to a house standing back some distance from the line of the street. For an instant he stopped

motionless, listening attentively, and glancing in all directions. Finding that he was unobserved, he entered quickly through the door of an old house, gaining admittance by placing his fingers upon an iron spring which allowed the door to be thrown back. Pushing it to, without quite closing it, he pursued his way down a dark corridor, which he appeared quite familiar with, and made his way into a little square yard. In the right corner of this space was an old well which served the whole of the establishment. Raising the cover, he took the parcel of hams and quietly lowered it into the well by means of a thin string which became free as soon as the parcel touched the surface of the water. Then, rolling the string round his hand until it was withdrawn from the well, he placed it in his basket.

Quickly he retraced his steps, and made for the street. With a chuckle he said, "Now the hams are in a safe place where they can wait until Christmas." Then, with a quiet, long-drawn whistle, he muttered to himself, "My goodness, those policemen gave me an awful fright. I very nearly made a mess of it. In future I must be more careful."

Making his way into the Rue Mazarine, he entered the house where he lived, No. 47, as the town hall clock on the Place St. Sulpice struck half-past two. Ascending to the third floor he let himself into a room where a lamp was dimly burning. Catching sight of his pale face in the looking-glass, he muttered, "How white I look. Tut, tut! it's only the cold. A good rest, and to-morrow I must look my best, for I am to see the dear little woman who is to be my wife." Then he threw himself on the bed and slept restlessly.

At eight o'clock the inspector of police received his report from the men who had been on duty overnight. There was nothing startling to record. Two or three arrests and a woman found asleep and intoxicated, and nearly dead with cold. Not a word about the mysterious stranger and his suspicious parcels.

The French people say that we English take our pleasures sadly. The same charge certainly cannot be brought against them. No matter what unrest there may be in the City of Paris, I verily believe if even war were once more declared on Christmas Eve the preparations for the New Year would go on. The arrangements for the display of toys, sweets, etc., upon the stalls of the boulevards would be made, and the impressionable Parisian would give himself up to pleasure on the "jour de l'An."

So it was during the Christmas and New Year's Day of 1868-9. In spite of the smouldering fire of the political interior of France which was shortly to blaze forth and lead to the cruellest war of the past century; in face of the fact that crime was rampant within the city walls, the men and women gave vent to their feelings during the festive season, and the "jour de l'An," which was to be the last under the empire, was never kept with greater gaiety. But in the midst of it all there was made a discovery which was sufficient to strike a feeling of horror into the minds of the most frivolous.

The first intimation that some terrible crime had been committed was a statement in the morning papers that a human thigh had been found in one of the drains attached to the Rue Jacob (another street branching off near the Rue de Buci). This was taken to the Morgue, and on the following day the Commissaires of police from the Quartiers of Notre Dame, Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois, des Invalides, de Grenelle, de Bercy, de la Porte-Saint-Martin, and the Pont-de-Flandres, one after the other brought pieces of human flesh and fragments of a body to the same repository for the dead.

These portions of a dead person were roughly cut up, some weighing a pound or two, other pieces less, and from their sodden state they had evidently been in water for some two or three weeks. Only one piece of the flesh was wrapped in anything, and that was in blue paper, which gave not the slightest clue. The police made the most careful inquiries at all the laundry boats near which most of

the discoveries had been made, but could learn nothing of any great importance.

Then the "Greffier" of the Morgue remembered that on the 17th of December a human thigh bone had been brought in wrapped in a blue shawl with black border. This was produced, and it was found by the surgeons to be the fellow one to that found in the Rue Jacob. With great skill all the pieces were built up upon a table in the Morgue, and the experts came to view the remains. It was impossible, however, even to determine the sex, so much was missing.

Whilst this inquiry was being held, and the citizens of Paris were becoming more horrified every day, a laundryman said that only a few days before Christmas, whilst he was looking over his establishment about eleven o'clock at night, he noticed a man on the shore, a short man, with a long overcoat, and wearing a tall silk hat. The ways of the man seemed suspicious, and he walked up to him and wanted to know his business. The man replied, "You see



Looking as white as a ghost.

what I am doing. To-morrow is Sunday, and I intend to come here fishing, and I am baiting the place." At the same time he took from a basket several pieces of meat, and threw them at random into the canal.

Knowing something about angling, and the crazy methods of some fishermen, the laundryman took no further notice of it. This incident took place on the 19th of December, that being the Saturday which was two days after the finding in the Seine, near the bridge of St. Pères, of the thigh bone tied up in the blue shawl. Of course everybody associated the eccentric fisherman with the individual concerned in the crime, and the most terrible rumours were in circulation, making the excitement greater than ever.

Still no light was thrown upon what was now generally admitted must be the result of a foul murder. The journals had each their own particular view of the matter. Some laughed at it as a hoax by medical students of the Quartier Latin, others declared that it was parts of the dead bodies of prisoners who had been murdered in prison and were martyrs to their political expressions against the empire, while others, again, attributed it to the work of some re-

ligious faction. Most of the opinions, however, were too ridiculous to repeat. At the same time they stimulated the public excitement until the talk was of scarcely anything else, and the papers were full of the subject.

In the midst of it all there came another discovery, which was as fortunate as it was repulsive, for had it not been made in all probability the crime would have remained a mystery to this day, and the celebrated detective, M. Gustave Macé, might never have gained the fame and exalted position he eventually attained in the ranks of the French police.

Our old friend Ringué, the sergeant de ville, had been on early morning service, and was returning home for his afternoon's meal and a well earned rest, for he had had a hard month's work through the festive season.

This was the afternoon of the 26th of January, and the weather was still very cold. Having been so long in the police, of course every tradesman knew the old soldier, and as he passed the different shops, it was, "Comment ça va?"

so that he spilt as much as he put in the glasses) two liqueurs of cognac, he continued, "You remember, Ringué, that I mentioned that complaints have been made about the taste of the water from the well. To-day, when my customers had finished their déjeuners, having had more complaints than ever, I made up my mind to investigate, for the same grumbling had been going on from the people upstairs, who all draw their water from the same source. So I went down into the cellar, where there is a window opening into the side of the well some twelve feet from the ground of the courtyard. But come and I'll show you what I found."

Then drinking off another glass of brandy, the soup-shop keeper took the policeman down a dark, awkward staircase, with slimy walls and worn and uneven stone steps. He carried a candle in his hand, which cast strange shadows upon the ceiling of the old vault hung with cobwebs. The whole place had a sickly, musty smell about it. But for a few full and two or three empty wine casks upon the ground,



[STARTLED] BACK AND EXCLAIMED, "MY GOD! IT IS A HUMAN LEG."

or "Bon jour, M. Ringué." The officer lived in the Rue Montfaçon, and had to pass along the Rue Princesse. When opposite to a little soup restaurant, his attention was called to the proprietor, M. Lampon, standing at the door of his shop, looking as white as a ghost, and beckoning to him excitedly.

Quickly crossing the road towards the shopkeeper, he was clutched by the arm, and dragged within, M. Lampon trembling like an aspen leaf, and almost speechless with fright.

"Why, what on earth's the matter with you, friend?" asked Ringué.

"Oh, my God! it is too terrible to tell! But you—you, friend Ringué—you will advise me what to do, how to act, and I know you will keep my secret. My dear friend, I am a ruined man."

And the poor shopkeeper sank back in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Come, monsieur, calm yourself. Tell me what disturbs you so, and I'll help you if I can," said the policeman.

"Yes, yes. Come in here, friend, and I'll tell you everything," replied Lampon. Then, taking the officer into a little room at the back, and pouring out (with a hand trembling

besides some cases, the place might well have been mistaken for a sepulchre.

Nervously approaching an empty crate which had branded upon it "Oranges de Valence," he held the candle over it, and turned back some paper. There was a brownish-looking object disclosed, from which came a stench which was well-nigh overpowering.

Ringué started back and exclaimed, "My God, it is a human leg!"

"Yes," moaned Lampon; "and to think that I have just taken it out of that well, from which I and my customers have been drinking and cooking from all these days! My God, Ringué, I am a ruined man!"

"Hush, not a word," said the policeman. "That is a matter for after consideration. Tell not a soul about this, and lock the door of this cellar. I will report to the commissary of our department this moment, and an investigation must be made at once."



THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

XIV.—DENS OF INFAMY.

LONDON we often hear spoken of as the centre of the civilised world. We are not going to gainsay the statement, but we should like to add that it is also the Mecca of all the criminals of the world. All sorts and conditions of men and women, whose nefarious interests have brought them into the clutches of the law in their own country, fly to London, there to continue their criminal practices. Many of these are the lowest of the low, the very scum of the criminal classes, who, whilst living on the proceeds of immorality, add to their incomes by a systematic and carefully contrived series of robberies. Burglars, safe-robbers, and pickpockets are, in comparison with these harpies, fairly good citizens. Criminals of the three classes mentioned go forth to plunder, taking all the risks, and, as a rule, submitting fairly quietly when they are captured.

The subject of this article, however, is a very different bird. He resides in a house specially constructed and decorated with a view to robberies, he lives on unfortunate women, who are no better than white slaves, and whose first steps from the path of virtue were probably taken under the forcible direction of the blackguards of whom we speak.

It is hard to believe that in the very heart of London there are houses run for the sole purpose of robbing the men who go there, and that the rooms are fitted up so as to facilitate

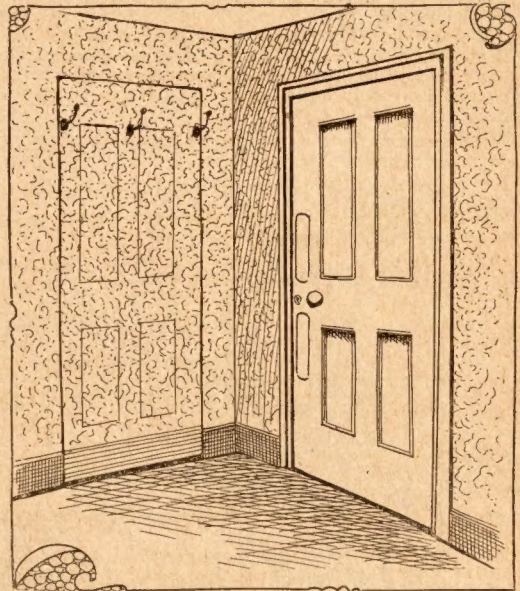


The Hand through the Curtain.

the thefts. But such is the case, however, and within the last couple of months such a place came under the notice of the police. In this instance the infamous den was run by two women, both of whom were smartly sentenced. During the trial, police officers stated that there had been a great number of robberies at this house, that one man had lost about £250 there, and also that it was very difficult to get up a case against the proprietors because the victims feared the fierce light of publication which beats upon a police court.

Some married men up from the country for a few days in town do not care to let their wives know what happens to them at night in the great city; single men consider the feelings of their families, and hence, if they are stripped of their valuables, they grin and bear it.

Some few years ago—in 1895, to be more definite—a very remarkable case came before the magistrate at Bow Street Police Court. The prisoners were three men and three women, all Germans, and they were charged with keeping disorderly houses. During the investigation of the charges some sensational statements were made by the police, who



The "Invisible" Door.

in their evidence declared that gangs of Germans and other foreigners infested the West-End of London, running houses for the purpose of committing robberies on the men who visited them.

In some cases, added the police, the whole house was rented, whilst in others only a couple of adjoining rooms were taken, and robberies occurred night after night with appalling regularity. Some of the prisoners in this case lived most luxuriously. Two of them—man and wife—were captured at their manor house up the Thames. Their house stood on an island, was magnificently furnished, and was in an out of the way spot a couple of miles or so from Windsor Station. When the detective called the couple were out for a drive, but the police officer was told that as they were expecting visitors to dinner, they would be back early in order to "dress" for the function.

The officer, considerably surprised at what he had seen, lay in ambush for the culprits. He took his station on the bridge leading from the island to the mainland, and soon his patience was rewarded. A handsome dogcart, drawn by a spanking horse, dashed on to the bridge. In the trap were four people—the wanted man and woman and two other men, both Germans, and known to the detective as two of the vilest desperadoes in the metropolis. Without hesitation, however, the officer ran forward, stopped the trap, and ordered the man and woman to get down. Astonished and dismayed, they did so, the other two following their example. Having arrested his "birds," the detective was proceeding to where his trap was in waiting when the other two Germans interfered. With bloodthirsty threats and many oaths they demanded the release of their companions. It was a ticklish moment, but the detective was equal to an emergency of this kind. Putting his right hand behind him to his hip pocket as if about to draw a revolver—which, by the way, he did not possess—he calmly announced his intention of shooting either or both men if they dared to interfere. His cool daring had the desired effect, and without another word the white-livered curs turned on their heels and continued their interrupted journey to the house on the island, the two prisoners being safely conveyed to London. The other four prisoners were arrested at the two houses in connection with which they were charged. These houses were next door to

each other, in a street within a couple of hundred yards or so of the Strand.

It was related by the police when the case came on for hearing that night after night scores of couples visited the two houses, and that numerous robberies were committed. In fact, almost every man left the house with his pockets emptied of all their valuable contents. A detailed description of the two houses was given, but the writer of this article during the hearing of the case was shown over the premises by a police officer, and the description of the rooms, extraordinary as it may seem, is correct in every detail.

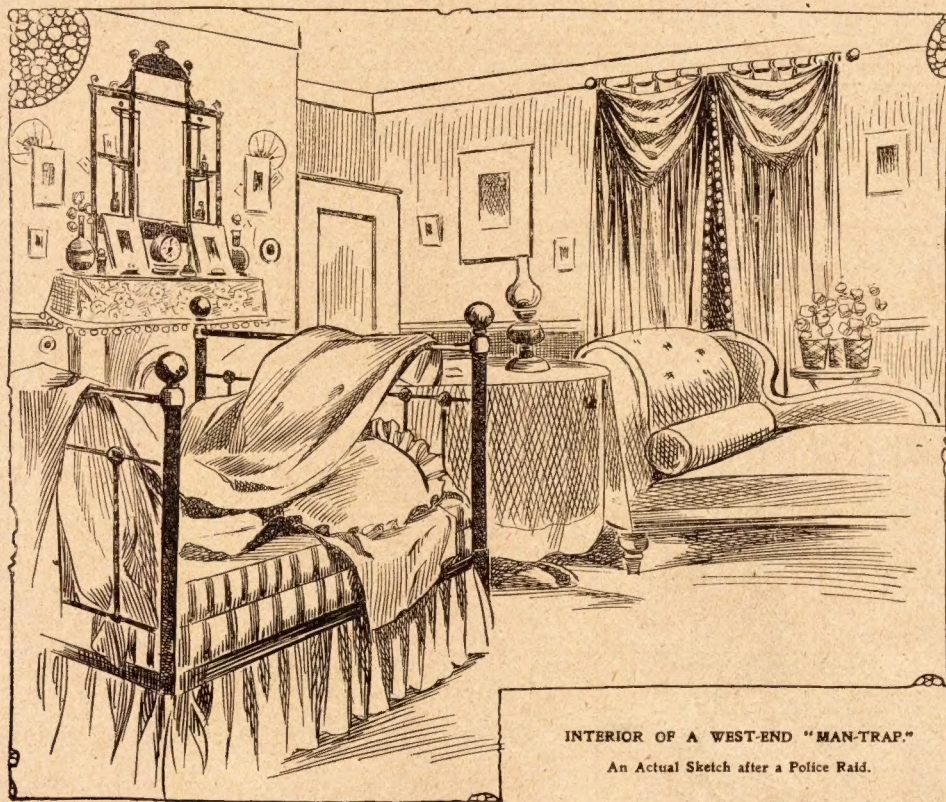
Take the first house. There only the two ground floor rooms were rented. One of these looked into the street, a broad window being well curtained and shuttered, the latter from the outside. The other room looked on to the back-yard, and there was a door leading from one apartment to the other, as well as doors from the passage to both rooms.

Visitors were only taken to the front room, which was furnished in excellent style. A careful observer perhaps might notice the absence of chairs, but, except for this and a clothes-stand, nothing was wanting. A bed stood between

upon. The table was no use for this purpose, there were no chairs, and there remained only the bed and the couch. If he placed the clothes at the foot of the bed, the woman, on some pretence or other, would remove them to the couch, or ask him to do so.

The heavily curtained head of the bed prevented anyone lying there from seeing what was going on at the back of the room. When the coast was clear, and at a given signal, usually a loud laugh, the door would glide noiselessly open, a hand would slowly, carefully and quietly lift the clothes, and disappear with them into the back room. Here everything of value would be removed, and in the space of a few minutes the wearing apparel would be back again on the couch as if nothing had happened. No one would have entered the room, not a sound would have been made.

The second house was even more ingeniously arranged. The back room was the one used for visitors, and here the door leading to the front apartment had been specially treated. The mouldings and raised panels had been removed, and only a close observer, and one who knew of its presence, could tell that a door existed in that particular spot. The



INTERIOR OF A WEST-END "MAN-TRAP."

An Actual Sketch after a Police Raid.

the window and the door giving access to the back room, and close to the wall. The head of the bed was heavily curtained, and was about four feet from the door just referred to. This portal was half wood and half glass. The window, however, was kept spotlessly clean, and at the back was hung a curtain of a particularly loud Oriental pattern. Inside the room, and over the door, precisely similar curtains were hanging, and were so arranged that the pattern of all three matched. A casual observer seeing the curtains could not detect the doorway, and would probably think the hangings concealed a small recess, for the curtains seemed to be in one piece. The door, too, was beautifully swung on well-oiled hinges, and could be opened with the utmost ease and without the slightest sound.

Right behind the head of the bed was a small circular table, fully occupied by an oil lamp and a few books. Next to this, and close to the "trap" door, was a couch. A pot of flowers on a small bracket near the curtains, and mantelpiece with a mirror and two or three photographs, completed the furniture of the room.

A man arriving there with his unfortunate companion would naturally look round for something to place his clothes

drawing which we give emphasises the lines of the door, but this has been done with the object of distinguishing between door and wall. As a matter of fact, the artist and writer were both looking for the door when, to their great astonishment, part of the wall seemed to open. This, however, was the door. The wallpaper, of a close figure pattern, covered wood and plaster alike. There were no ridges where the door was, and the joints could only be discovered on a close examination. There was one chair in this room, but it was placed directly against the concealed door, and robberies were committed in the manner described above.

Each of the prisoners in this case received three months' hard labour. They were all connected with one another.

The man and woman were husband and wife, but it was admitted that as a rule the female lived with another of the gang when not otherwise engaged. It is disgusting to think of such immorality. The three women were very attractive women, and dressed in the height of fashion, adopted by the demi-mondaine. They frequented the Strand, Leicester Square, and Piccadilly, and, having found a victim, promptly lured him to the den where the robbers were lying in wait for their prey.

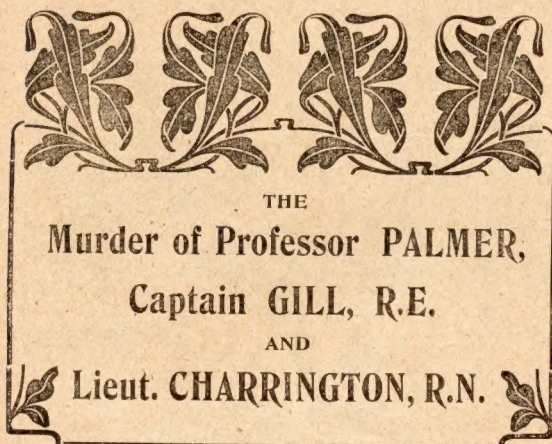
On the night the police made their raid, a man who declined to prosecute had been robbed of £13. The detectives added that there were 600 places of a similar nature in the immediate district, and even in the more fashionable parts of the West End houses were run on the same lines.

That the profits of the establishment were very large may be gathered from the fact that the two people arrested upon the river must have spent at least £20 per week on the house. Without doubt many thousands of pounds came into their pockets as a result of these robberies. The amount lost and reported to the police at this time ran a long way into four figures, whilst the officers in the case firmly believed that quite half the robberies had never been reported.

The foreigners who run these dens of infamy laugh at the punishment which is meted out to them. Three months' imprisonment is, after all, but a slight punishment, and if the house is being run in their absence by a confederate, the enforced seclusion does not cause any monetary loss. The women who act as the lures are more often than not also victims of the men, who, in the first place, have brought them to London from their homes on the continent either on the pretext of getting them lucrative situations, or else under a promise of marriage.

Once in London, the girls are ruined under circumstances which we need not particularise, and afterwards they are forced to go out on the streets to gain a living for the brutal bullies who have been the cause of their downfall.

It is a pity that "boiling oil" does not enter into the punishment of such pests as those who run the man-traps we have described.



"Our bones lie scattered before the pit, as when one breaketh and cleaveth wood upon the earth, but our eyes looked unto Thee, O Lord God."

—Psa. cxli. (quoted on the Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral).



It is almost a generation since the troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley won Queen Victoria's medal with the blue and white ribbon and the Khedive's bronze star with the blue ribbon for services in Egypt in 1882. The Pharaoh of 1882, Khedive Tewfik, has been succeeded by his son, Abbas Pasha, the present Khedive. Our sailors, under Sir Beauchamp Seymour, may have had no very hard task set them in bombarding Alexan-

dria. Before that bombardment took place, at a time when Arabi Pasha was very nearly the de facto ruler of Lower Egypt, Lord Northbrook had found an Englishman of courage, talent and determination to go on a perilous expedition to prevent the Bedouins from joining Arabi, and thus the 1882 campaign was made possible. It was pretty certain that

naval or military operations, or both, would be needed, and Sir Garnet Wolseley had it all cut and dried that a flank attack from Ismailia was more practicable than a direct attack from Alexandria, or, to be more strictly accurate, that Ismailia was likely to form a better base of operations than Alexandria was. Indeed, it was not a flank attack, but a direct attack, that had to be made on Arabi's by no means contemptible earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir. Now Ismailia is ever so far on the way through the Suez Canal. Consequently it was of the highest importance that the Suez Canal should be kept open. A serious injury to the Canal would damage British trade long after the time came by which it was hoped that Arabi's insurrection would be put down. But the Canal was not injured. The troopships managed to land their living cargoes of fighting men at Ismailia, and to discharge their more cumbersome cargoes of military stores in time for the successful night march on that eventful evening in September, and for the bayonet attack on Arabi's position to be made just as the morn was breaking. Private soldiers who have taken part in actions where there has been greater bloodshed are apt to carry their chins in the air and sniff when mention is made of the 1882 campaign. Campaigns are not brought to a satisfactory conclusion by the aid of the private soldier alone. Generals have something to say to it, and the generalship at Tel-el-Kebir was perfect.

And Sir Garnet Wolseley had not been going like a bull at a gate. He and Lord Northbrook had been well aware that there were the Bedouins in the Sinai Desert, who might have to be reckoned with. It was quite in their power to destroy the Suez Canal. The French would not exactly have liked them to do it, but of the two evils, from a French point of view, that is to say, to fail to land the English one in the eye, or to see Ferdinand de Lesseps's work destroyed, it is by no means certain that the French would have chosen the latter. On the evening of Saturday, June 24, 1882, Captain Gill, R.E., called on Professor Edward Henry Palmer, at his house in Mecklenburgh Square, Bloomsbury, asking him, on behalf of the Admiralty, what information he could give as to the Sinai Arabs, what they could do, what they would like to do, and what they were most likely to do. The upshot was that Professor Palmer was sent on a mission to the Desert and Peninsula of Sinai, to get there at his own risk, the best way he could, to travel about from tribe to tribe, to find out how far they would go along with Arabi, and to see if he could make terms with the sheikhs and keep the Bedouins in sympathy with the government of Tewfik. He was to find out their price for remaining non-actively hostile, and to find out their price for actively participating in the campaign against Arabi. Any terms agreed upon between the sheikhs and Palmer were to be recognised by the British Government. He was also to find the cost of an Arab guard for the eastern bank of the Canal, and the cost of repairing the Canal, if damaged by Arabi. The safety of the Canal was the most important detail of all, but there were other points to be picked up, such as what was the available supply of camels, and what was their price. Palmer had no written instructions. Had any written instructions been captured on him he was certain of a short shrift. His mission was kept a secret. It was given out that he had gone to the Levant in the interests of either the "Times" or the "Standard."

Who was this Professor Palmer? Why, he had been Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and a fellow of St. John's College. He was born August 7, 1840, in Green Street, Cambridge, where his father kept a private school. England has never produced an Oriental scholar to surpass what Palmer was. Biographers such as Sir Walter Besant say that there were only two men alive in 1882 who were capable of undertaking the task that was imposed on Professor Palmer, namely, himself and Captain Burton, better known as Sir Richard Burton, the devil-may-care traveller to the Mahomedan holy places, and the translator of an expensive version of the Arabian Nights. Maybe there was just one other, Lieutenant Gould Adams, R.A., who was killed in an explosion at Shoeburyness, early in 1885. Be that as it may, Palmer was a linguist, a conjurer, a thought-reader, and a man with great confidence in his personality; a Sherlock Holmes in real life, he would accuse gipsies of stealing eggs, and they would not deny it, but would blurt out: "How did you know?" and were surprised when Palmer told them, "From the yolk on your waistcoat. Remove all such marks in future before you come into decent society." He could write Arabic doggerel off-hand, and could talk in almost every dialect of Arabic or Persian. The camels at the Regent's Park Zoo used to obey him, and the camels at Lubeck, which had been three years in Germany, immediately recog-

nised the language in which ey had been sworn at, and went down on their knees to Hoad, thinking themselves again in the land where thereceived more curses than blessings. At the time of his departure Palmer was one of the busiest men in England. He was writing for the "Saturday Review," the "Ademy," the "Athenæum," the "Encyclopædia Britannica; he examined for the Civil Service Commission, he was by for three hours a day with an edition of the New Testame, and four hours every night was ready to write emergent lding articles for the "Standard," one of his favourite subcts being crimes and disasters, strange law cases and faous trials. In the Palestine Survey an associate of his was Lieutenant Kitchener, now Viscount Kitchener of Kharton. Such a man as he was cannot have failed to know fit the work he was engaged on was one of exceeding darer, that he was practically

Effendi." He was promising sheikhs £500 if they did anything worth the doing. He heard that Arabi had 2,000 horsemen from the Nile Bedouins. Palmer was confident of being able to turn them back, or to send 10,000 fighting men of the Teyahah and Terebin Bedouins to drive them back. Getting a letter sent would cost £6. On his return to Suez Palmer received £20,000 from Captain Gill for disposal among the Arabs. As soon as he again started Palmer was instructed by telegram from Lord Northbrook to expend no more than £3,000!

Seven officers volunteered to accompany Palmer. At Palmer's request Flag-Lieutenant Charrington went, but did not wear his naval uniform, as would have been much more prudent. Captain Gill, with a dragoman, was also to accompany them part of the way, and then he was to strike north and cut the telegraph wire. There was soon



THIS DELAYED THE PARTY AND GAVE TIME FOR BEDOUINS TO COME AND ATTACK IT.

carrying his life in his hand. He was given £500 for the expenses of his journey, and another sum was advanced for the expenses of his household, but no pension for his widow was arranged in case he succumbed to circumstances.

Mr. Gladstone called Palmer's conduct "patriotic and gallant," and afterwards Mr. Campbell-Bannerman explained at some length what Palmer was sent to do. His reports were to be sent to his wife, who was more likely to receive them untampered with than the Admiralty would be. On arrival at Alexandria he was to take orders from the admiral. He might either go through the Canal, be landed at Tor, in the Sinaitic Peninsula, make his way to the Convent of St. Catherine, and watch for a favourable chance of going north, or he might try to enter the Desert from Gaza, and be taken up to Tor. Going into the Desert by way of Moab or Akabah, or from Suez, which was still in the hands of the Egyptians, was impossible. He went by an Austrian Lloyd's boat to Jaffa, "armed, or protected or imperilled," as the case may be, with a pass from the Khedive. In less than ten days he had found a sheikh who was in a position to swear by the most solemn Arab oath to guarantee the safety of the Canal, even against Arabi Pasha, and that if Palmer could get three sheikhs out of prison all the Arabs would rise and join Palmer like one man. Palmer was travelling as an Arab, and was known as "Abdullah

evidence that there was treachery. A couple of camels were stolen. This delayed the party, and gave time for some Bedouins to come and attack it and take them prisoners. They were at once stripped of their Bedouin clothes, and left with only their drawers and jerseys, and afterwards taken down into a hollow among some rocks. One Meter abu Sofieh had evidently been privy to the attack, and his nephew managed to run away with the £3,000. But Meter probably did not desire that the mission should be murdered. He offered a ransom of £30 per person. Palmer offered all the money they had, but the attackers, seeing that the cash had all disappeared, marched their prisoners about a mile to the ravine of Wady Sudr, where they were to be thrown over a precipice. They were placed in a row, with five Bedouins behind them with rifles, driving them over the cliff. But before they reached the edge Merseh el Rashdeh fired at Palmer and killed him. The rest made a dash for liberty down the cliff, sixty feet deep. Captain Gill only, according to Sir Charles Warren, is said to have been alive when he reached the bottom. He, like all the others, alive or dead, had a sword driven through him.

The story of the Palmer Search Expedition, under Sir

Charles Warren, is told in a work by Captain (as he was in 1894) Alfred E. Haynes, Royal Engineers, called "Man-Hunting in the Desert." We must do little more than say that the remains of the victims were found, and that they now lie in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. Several of those who had taken part in the treacherous outrage were handed over for trial to an Egyptian Commission at Tanta, which, in February, 1883, was anything but a bed of roses. The President of the Commission said he knew nothing about Colonel Warren's business. If he had any prisoners, they would be tried in due course when their turn came. But the prisons were full of people who had a prior claim to the attention of the law. This would not do, so Major Macdonald (now Sir Claud Macdonald, H.M.'s Ambassador at Peking) brought the president sharp up at the round turn. Next day the president was relieved of his functions.



Fired at Palmer and killed him.

Colonel Warren went straight to Cairo and returned with a new president, Zekki Pasha. Then it was found out that Colonel Warren would not be allowed to prosecute, as he had been busily engaged in the collection of evidence. He, however, watched the case for the British Government, Lieutenant Burton, R.E., acting as prosecutor. The Tanta Commission consisted of a president and two members, who acted as a French "juge d'instruction," Egyptian law being based on the Code Napoléon. Each prisoner was cat-chised by the Court. "Now then, you swine, tell us what you know! Who are you? How old are you? Don't know, eh? Just a few more lies, eh? What are you? You wander about from place to place, and have no regular home? Vagrant! Pig!" But the witnesses or the prisoners didn't mind this mode of examination in the least. The witnesses had been locked up for four months, and their health had suffered severely. Any prisoner who categorically pleaded guilty of murder had by law to do so three times before the Court accepted the evidence. Colonel Warren, to soothe the consciences of the Exeter Hall party at home, induced the president to hear corroborative evidence to supplement the bare statements of the prisoners. This Court was not authorised to sentence the prisoners. That was reserved for the mixed court-martial, sitting at Alexandria, a method of safe-guarding the unfortunate Felah from the too drastic methods of justice in vogue in the East. In five days charges against thirteen prisoners implicated in the outrage were disposed of, and evidence recorded while it was getatable against twelve men still at

large. The Alexandria court-martial sentenced Salem Sheyk, Salâmi Abu Telhaideh, Salem Abu, Telhaideh, Ali Shwair and Mersheh el Rashdeh to death. Salâmi Ibn Aid (Meter's nephew) got 15 years, one man got 10 years, three men got five years, and Salim Sulman escaped with three years' imprisonment.

The Bedouins sentenced to death were sent to Zagazig, where they were to be executed in the presence of a sheikh and two Bedouins from every tribe in Lower Egypt, some 33 in all. And then came the snarling of the arm-chair critic at home. The witnesses had been bullied in an unfeeling way, men had been condemned on their own confession, and so on. But Mahommedan law exacts that no man shall be executed until he confesses the crime for which he is condemned. To prevent waste of time the Egyptian magistrates were accustomed to use an instrument called the "Kourbash," wherewith to bastinado a prisoner's feet.

The Egyptian Government had promised that the executions should not take place until the return of Colonel Warren after some more man-hunting. However, while he was away at El Arish, he heard that the men had been executed, a fact which considerably militated against the chance of effecting any more captures in the desert.

All through this narrative we have used "Bedouin" as the singular, and "Bedouins" as the plural. We are aware that the final "s" in "Bedouins" is unnecessary, but so it is in the English way of writing "St. Germain's," which the French write "St. Germain," while they call our "Dover" "Douvres." We know we ought to write "one Bedoui, two, or more, Bedouin," but it does not come natural to us, and we don't do it.

Sir Walter Besant wrote that it was reported very soon after the murder, and amongst the first rumours which reached Cairo—another indication that the murder was ordered, i.e., by Arabi—that the "Sheikh Abdullah" (Professor Palmer) solemnly cursed his murderers. Some of his friends were pained to think that his last moments should have been spent in cursing his enemies. It must, however, be understood that cursing in the hands of an Oriental who understands how to curse is a most powerful weapon of defence. Palmer knew every form of Arab cursing. He was driven to this as his last resource. If he could not deter them by cursing he could do no more. And again, to understand an Oriental curse, one must go to the Old Testament, and not to a gathering of English or American roughs. Such a curse is a solemn and an awful thing. It falls upon a man and weighs him down and crushes him; it brings with it a fearful foreboding of judgment; it lies like lead upon a guilty heart; it helps to bring the crime to light and the criminals to justice. There is no doubt, no doubt whatever, that the denunciation of "woe, ruin, desolation and death"—Palmer's last words—which fell upon the ears of those wild desert men, and were echoed back from the rocks around them, became to them a prophecy, sure and certain, as is the vengeance of the Lord.

"Oh, my God"—it is the voice of Asaph, the singer—"make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind; fill their faces with shame; let them be confounded and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish."

The curse has fallen upon the murderers already; they are confounded; they are put to shame; they have perished.

* * * * *

Thus died the "Sheikh Abdullah."

The Commercial Instinct.

TWO men were being conducted to Tyburn in a cart, and one of the condemned was a Jew.

For him a reprieve arrived during the cart's journey to the place of execution, but, to the astonishment of all, he did not offer to get out, but coolly remained where he was.

One of the gaolers asked him his reason for this conduct, and the Jew explained that he was "Vaitin", ma tear, to see if I could do a leetle bargain with Mr. Ketch for the other gentleman's clothes." Quite a case of the ruling passion!

The Witty Barrister.

A CERTAIN barrister, noted for the gift of repartee, was never seen, no matter how inclement the weather, in an overcoat. He seemed impervious to colds and chills, and, whether in rain or frost, he went about clad in the thinnest garments.

An officious acquaintance met him in Fleet Street on a very cold morning and remarked, "Mr. —, you never wear an overcoat."

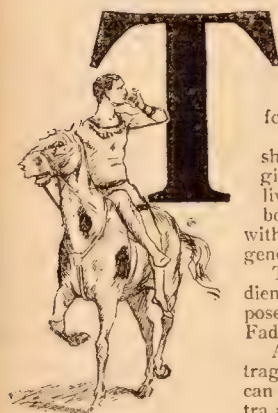
"No, sir, I never was!" was the startling rejoinder, and the indignant barrister hurried on.

FADDA.

A young wife overcome with a passion for a circus rider induces her paramour to murder her husband, a captain in the Italian army, at Rome in 1879.

"You have made your plans, you have laid your schemes; but as long as right is right, And truth is truth, and wrong is wrong, such crimes will come to light."

—MARSHALL ELLIS, "The King's Crime."



THE performance was just about to commence.

The circus was crowded by a large and demonstrative audience, who were waiting for the overture to strike up.

The band, greeted with loud shouts of "Bravo!" and "Begin, begin!" started to play a lively air; the people in the upper boxes began to hum and stamp with their feet, and everybody was generally happy and joyful.

There was one person in the audience who was not happy, nor disposed to be joyful—the Signora Fadda.

As she is the heroine of the tragedy we propose to relate, we can do no better, while the orchestra are proceeding with their over-

ture, than give our reader some slight sketch of the signora, and the history of her unhappiness.

The signora was a woman of singular beauty; as she sat in her purple festooned box by the side of her husband, her face was in decided contrast to the throng of pleasure-flushed and excited visages that everywhere else met one's gaze.

Her face, pale as ivory and curtained by masses of dark, black wavy hair, resembled in its wan sadness, its unearthly glamour, a young moon lost in a forest of pine.

Her eyes were large and lustrous; her nose was slender and tip tilted; her cheeks just touched with the faintest rose bloom; her mouth was a trifle large, the lips resembling a strip of scarlet—the lower lip protruded a little—and her shoulders and swelling breasts gleamed out of her low-cut evening gown.

She struck an observer as being a beautiful creature, only half-tamed by the conventions of civilisation; a wild woodland thing, whose natural environment was the tangled gorse, the bracken, the solitary twilight groves, and the flower-jewelled, all-uncultivated bowers of primitive nature.

The signora's life had been strange and eventful, although she was but twenty-one at the time of which we write. Her parents had been people of gentle birth, but of restricted means; and their slender income not admitting of their taking their proper place in the society of Rome and Naples, rather than occupy a subsidiary position, these proud Italians had retired to a small and unfrequented village, remote from all festivity and society, and had there spent the rest of their lives in rural pursuits, and the simple pastimes that a chess-board and a box of dominoes afforded them.

Their only child, Margarita—now the Signora Fadda—was put under the instruction of an old village pedagogue, who instructed her in the arts and sciences, while her mother looked after her deportment, and initiated her into the restrictions of good birth, and the conduct which was becoming in a lady.

Both the mother and the pedagogue were careful to see that the child never mixed with any other children of her own age, as the people in the district nearly all belonged to a lower strata of society than that occupied by Margarita's parents. Consequently, the little girl, naturally of a friendly and affectionate disposition, had no playmates of any description except her father, who took her long walks, and taught her chess, and was brought up in inviolate isolation.

This was not good for a girl of Margarita's temperament,

who longed to join in the game of the village children, share their joys and troubles, in a word, to be one with her brother and sister children.

But this was not allowed her, and the child perforce was driven to seek other recreations.

She had learnt to read at a very early age, and one day, finding a heap of old books in a cupboard, she opened one, and in a fit of idle curiosity began to scan the contents. She became enchanted, and from that moment was a devout and faithful worshipper at the shrine of romance. The poor lonely child read incessantly anything and everything that came to hand, until her brain became saturated with "high falutin" nonsense, and the tears that she had shed over cheap pathos and false sentiment would have swollen a river.

Margarita read love romances, and speedily fancied that she, too, was to become the heroine of one of those delightful amatory adventures which she perused with such avidity.

One day, her father introduced her to a tall, middle-aged man, with the face of a wolf and the laugh of a hyena.

Her father told her that the visitor's name was Captain Fadda, and that she was to marry him.

The young girl was greatly shocked; her ideal lover—the lover of her romantic dreams—was in no way embodied in the lean, prematurely emaciated form of Captain Fadda.

She obeyed her parents, and was in due course married to Fadda, whom she regarded with the greatest abhorrence, and whose very presence was at all times most distasteful to her.

The captain, a man of good family, and a debauchee of the first water, had paid to Margarita's parents a considerable sum for the hand of their daughter.

He at once took his young bride from the remote scenes of her childhood, and appeared with her at the most dazzling assemblies in Rome and Naples, where he, on every side, received congratulations on the beautiful young wife he had secured to himself.

The captain, who had, as we have said, wasted his youth in a career of riotous profligacy, and whose name had been openly associated with certain scandals, which were in their time notorious, was very well satisfied with Margarita. He had expended the greater part of his natural energy in debauchery; he had lost the joy of living, the exultation of being that should be a part of youth, and prematurely aged as he was, he wished to settle down to a more or less common, easy-going life, with no violent pleasures, and with a wife of gentle birth who would be a nurse to him; who would ask no questions, and would obey his bidding with the faithful docility of a well-trained dog.

He thought that Margarita answered to all these requirements.

He was mistaken.

Margarita, a girl of sixteen, brought up in an atmosphere of conventionality and narrow morality, in which obedience to the word of the parent was a child's first duty, had obeyed her father when he had commanded her to marry Fadda; but for all that, the girl's real nature, although carefully hidden away and suppressed, remained as passionate, as loving as ever.

Her heart was as tinder, which only awaited the igniting spark to burst into an all-consuming fire.

The igniting spark came in good time, and we shall see the terrible conflagration that followed.

Captain Fadda disgusted his young wife; he who had the face of a wolf, had likewise the low passions of an animal, combined with the manners and the refinement of an ape.

Margarita's soul revolted from his unspeakable brutalities, and his coarse familiarities calculated to destroy her modesty, but which in reality only deepened her unutterable loathing of her husband and all his ways.

They had been married now some years, and had no children.

Let us return to the circus, where it will be remembered we left Margarita and her husband seated in a box, while the overture was playing.

The overture had just finished, and the clowns and the horses had tumbled into the ring, amidst general applause.

"There she is again," said the leader of the orchestra to the first violin.

"Who?"

"The lovely lady in the cream dress."

"What! has she been here before?"

"Only three times this week."

"It is very extraordinary."

"Yes, there must be something peculiarly attractive in our show to bring her here night after night."

"She has a man with her."

"Her father, I think. It is the first time I have seen him."

While the musicians were speaking, Cardinalli, the great

equestrian wonder of the circus, was preparing for his performance in his dressing-room.

Cardinalli was a young man about five-and-twenty years old; he was extraordinarily handsome, tall, thin, yet well-proportioned and agile.

He was dark—very dark—with large, flashing eyes, sensual lips, and an aquiline nose.

While he was attiring himself in spangles, and rubbing the grease paint on to his face, he was wondering who the beautiful lady who was always in the purple box could be.

Would she be there to-night?

Who was she?

What did she come for?

These were the questions which were continually puzzling his brain.

He felt drawn to the pale, passionate face, half-hidden by



"Fadda must die!"

the drooping purple curtains, that always watched his performance with such intense interest.

Was it the performance she was interested in, or was it the performer?

Cardinalli could not help asking himself the question, and yet common-sense told him that he was absurd, and that he was a ridiculous, arrogant dreamer. Common-sense forgot that love is essentially democratic and a leveler of all class distinctions.

Presently the moment came for Cardinalli to enter the ring. He sprang on to his wonderful steed, caparisoned in gold and silver, the doors were flung open, and the famous equestrian galloped into the circus, amidst thunders of applause.

Irresistibly he turned his head as he entered and looked towards the purple box.

Yes, she was there, radiant, beautiful as ever, but for the first time there was a man by her side.

Who could he be?

Absurd as it may seem, Cardinalli, the circus-rider, who

had never so much as spoken to this great lady, and was certainly in the ordinary course of things never likely to do so, felt a sharp pang of jealousy shoot through him on beholding this male stranger seated by the side of the beautiful unknown.

The next moment he felt reassured

The man was so old, and so ugly!

The fair stranger could never lose her heart to so hideous an individual!

Probably he was her father. While Cardinalli was ruminating and speculating upon all this in his own mind his countenance wore its accustomed smile of calmness, and he was executing the most difficult feats imaginable on the back of a high-spirited and restive horse.

He saw that Margarita was leaning half out of the box, spellbound by his performance, her cheeks aglow, her eyes sparkling, and her lips half parted.

Suddenly he saw something white drop from her hand into the ring.

Her handkerchief!

In a moment Cardinalli turned his horse and, passing the box at the gallop, stooped down and lightly picked up the tiny bit of cambric, amidst general applause. He reined in his horse and, advancing to the box at the trot, restored the handkerchief to Margarita with a low bow.

"Thank you! thank you!" she said, speaking in a thick, half-choked voice.

Cardinalli smiled and rode away, thrilled by the one warm glance she had shot at him from her beautiful, expressive eyes.

"He's a handsome fellow!" grunted Fadda to his wife.

"Who?"

"The mountebank who picked up your handkerchief."

"Yes, very."

Somehow the word "mountebank" jarred strangely on Margarita's nerves.

She thought of Cardinalli, tall, noble, and handsome, and she thought of her grinning, half-paralysed husband, who sat by her side, and she could not help contrasting the two and wondering to which the name "mountebank" best fitted.

Cardinalli was still performing; a clown had come into the ring, and was supposed to be chased by the charger, while Cardinalli, standing upright on the horse's back, juggled with six golden balls.

The clown was drunk. He infuriated the horse, instead of playing with him, and escaped the animal's teeth by jumping out of the ring at the very moment when it appeared most likely that he was captured. The horse grew wilder and wilder in its endeavours to close with its enemy.

Once again the clown jumped over the barricade that separated the ring from the spectators.

The horse essayed to follow, jumped high, pawed the top of the barricade, and fell, with a sickening crash, backwards on the ground.

Cardinalli was beneath the struggling animal. The spectators rose to their feet, shouting and hallooing a thousand different instructions, and Margarita, with a piercing scream, fell from her seat unconscious.

Her husband conveyed her home as quickly as possible, greatly annoyed at a catastrophe which, he said, had spoilt his evening's amusement.

"What does it matter to you whether he is alive or dead?"

"Much."

"Ah! you are mad!"

"I respect brave men."

"Brave! He is daring for a living."

"Nevertheless, I trust he is not seriously injured."

"Why, a hundred men could take his place to-morrow."

Margarita said no more, but when she was safe in the seclusion of her own room she burst into passionate tears. In the morning Cardinalli, stunned and aching rather from his mishap of the previous evening, was astonished to be told by a servant that a lady, heavily veiled and cloaked, was desirous of seeing him.

"Show her in at once," said Cardinalli, wondering greatly who his mysterious visitor could be.

The servant retired, reappearing a moment later with a tall, handsomely-dressed female figure, whose features were hidden by a thick and closely-drawn veil.

"I am an admirer of skill and bravery in men," said the strange lady, in a sweet, melodious voice. "I witnessed your accident last night. I come to see how far you are injured, or how far you have recovered."

"Lady," answered Cardinalli, "I am indeed fortunate

in encountering an accident which has brought me such a visitor as yourself."

"Ah! do you then know me?" cried the fair unknown.

With an impulsive gesture, she threw up her veil, disclosing the beautiful features of Margarita Fadda.

"The lady of the purple box!" cried Cardinalli, with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Yes; the lady who always watches you from the purple box," answered Margarita, flushing all over her pale, marble-like face.

"The lady who is always watched!"

"Watched! Who by?"

"My eyes never leave you. You enchain them to your person by some magic."

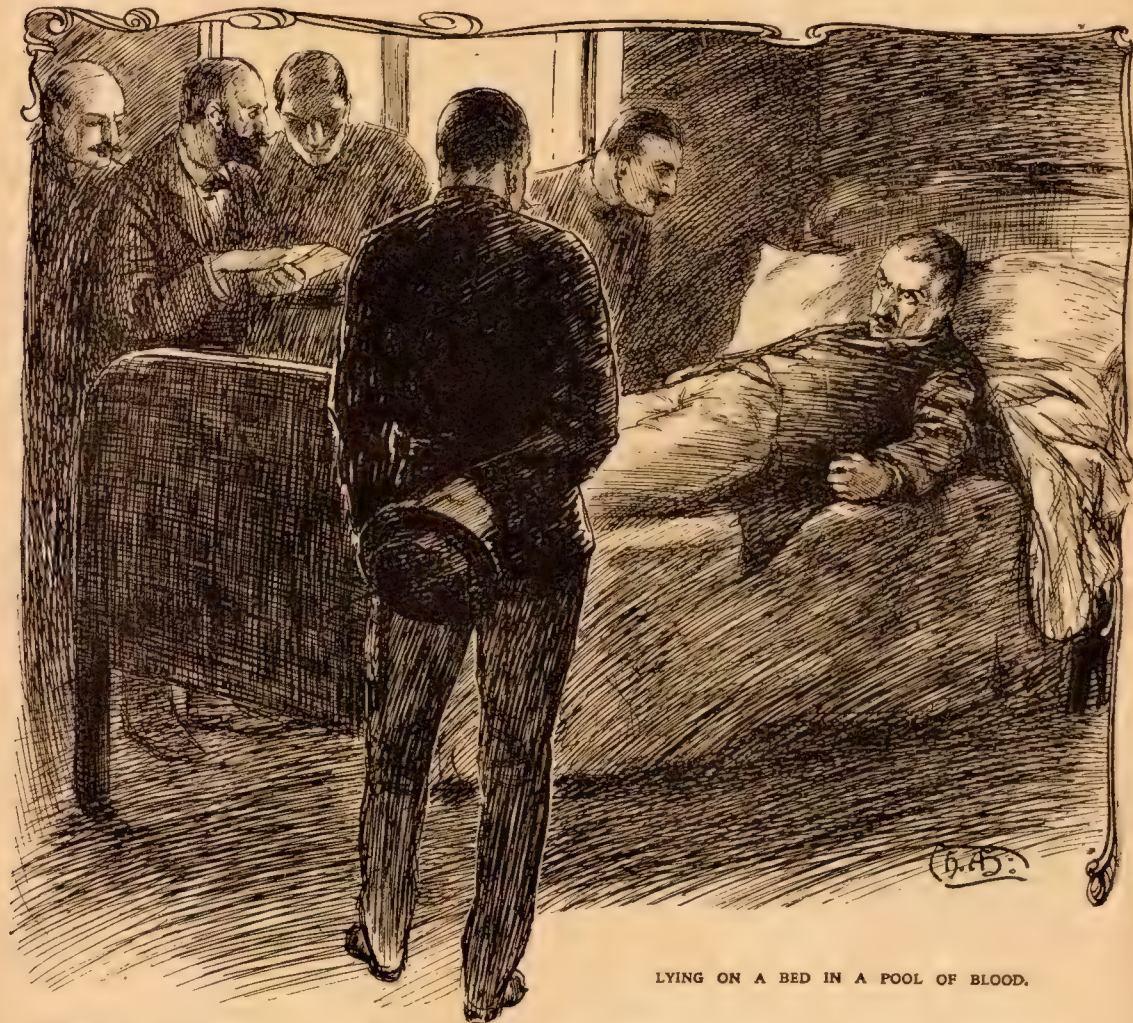
When he left Margarita he pressed her to agree to an appointment in the near future.

At first she refused, but, after many demurs and hesitations, finally agreed to meet Cardinalli the next morning.

"I know I am foolish," she said, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "and yet I can't refuse you."

That same evening she was again in the purple box, this time alone, watching Cardinalli's equestrian evolutions, much in the same way as the grand ladies of old looked down on the knights tilting in the lists for the fair ones' amusement.

After his performance he came and rapped at the door of her box, was admitted, and spent the best part of an hour in her company.



LYING ON A BED IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

"You watch me, then?"

"I do, always."

Margarita, who came, in a sense, to woo, and found herself being wooed, became greatly confused, blushed, and stammered, and could not look Cardinalli straight in the face.

The famous circus-rider vowed that he felt no ill-effects from his mishap on the previous evening, and prevailed upon Margarita to permit of his escorting her some distance towards her home.

"Last night you were with your father, were you not?" asked Cardinalli.

"Last night I was with my husband."

"Your husband! Mon Dieu!"

"Now you understand the tragedy of my life," said Margarita quietly.

Her companion was silent.

He understood perfectly that this beautiful lady was in love with him and that she detested her husband.

The next day they met, and again in the evening.

This time Cardinalli, on entering the box, threw himself on his knees before her and poured out his passion in a torrent of wild and incoherent words.

Margarita did not answer, but covered her face with her hands and began to weep.

Cardinalli sprang up from his knees, caught the beautiful girl in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, and covered her burning neck and trembling lips with wild, ravening kisses.

She did not resist, but, submitting for a while passively to his embraces, and then, as if suddenly catching fire from the flame of his passion, she clung to him, wound herself round him, like ivy clasping a stone, and returned his kisses with a warmth and ardency that could not be surpassed.

"Oh! why do I love?" sobbed Margarita.

"Ah! love, ask not why; question not the fates; seek not to unriddle our destinies," replied Cardinalli. "It is

enough for us that we are alive, that we love, and that we share mutually the ardours of each other's affection." They parted in tears, to meet the next morning.

And all this time where was Captain Fadda?

Captain Fadda was amusing himself in his own particular way, never thinking of his wife, or caring where she was, or how her time was being employed.

Although the captain and Margarita were man and wife, they had for some time worried little or nothing about each other's movements. They occupied separate apartments, and seldom met, except at meal times, so when Margarita, as she did on the night following Cardinali's declaration of love, spent the night in her lover's arms, the captain was none the wiser, as his wife was present at breakfast.

Neither did he notice that her manner was strange, and that she looked unusually pale and tired.

Captain Fadda never for a moment suspected his wife to be capable of contracting a liaison of any description; he imagined her to still be the tractable, obedient child he had found when he first met her in her father's rural house, and he never contemplated the possibility of the child growing into a woman, and then developing strong passions and inclinations of her own.

So Margarita and Cardinali carried on their intrigue for some three months without Captain Fadda having the slightest suspicion of his wife's constant infidelity. Margarita's love did not diminish, but grew and ripened with every succeeding day, gathering strength from every additional caress, growing in strength and fierceness, until at last Margarita no longer possessed a passion—the passion possessed her.

She became, instead of its mistress, its submissive slave, and as her slightest wish or whim was Cardinali's law, the two young people's lives were ruled absolutely by passion's arbitrary dictates. Such a love in many breasts breeds universal kindness and benevolence, transmitting the common human nature of the passionists into that of an angel.

In the case of Margarita, it transformed her nature into that of a fiend.

The company of Captain Fadda became more and more insupportable to Margarita; at first she tolerated his presence, now she heartily detested it, until at last her hatred towards him became so apparent that Fadda remonstrated with her himself. When Margarita saw Cardinali that evening, the following conversation took place:

"He begins to suspect," said she, as she threw off her cloak.

"The devil! does he?"

"Yes; now that he suspects, all will soon be over."

"My love, you terrify me. What do you mean?"

"I mean that he will find out that I love you. He will remove me from you at once. I shall be taken away to some distant land. And you—Fadda is very powerful with the authorities—you will be persecuted."

"Ah, my love, you would not leave me, abandon me, kill me by going away?"

"What can I do?"

"Fly with me."

"How is that possible? We have little or no money."

Cardinali buried his face in his hands. He seemed distraught with misery.

"I lose all hope," he said presently, looking up with tears in his eyes.

"I do not."

"What, you have hope?"

"I have a plan."

"A plan, beloved? What is it?"

"Fadda is rich—immensely rich."

"Well, I do not see how that helps us."

"Wait, be patient. Should Fadda die, I should be his widow. His entire fortune would come to me."

Cardinali became ashen pale.

Margarita put her face very close to his, and whispered into his ear, "Fadda must die!"

"My God, I see your meaning now!"

"You will refuse me nothing?"

"Refuse you?"

"Yes, you must kill him; you must liberate me, endow me with a fortune. We shall marry then, my love."

"Kill him! It means death for me."

"Nonsense! I have planned out the whole thing."

"Go on. I listen."

"I shall see that Fadda receives a letter telling him that I am unfaithful, and that I have an appointment with my lover at a certain hour at a certain house."

"Well, what then?"

"Fadda will follow me, and we shall receive him."

"Yes."

"He will be found dead in a house of ill-fame; killed for his jewellery, it will be thought."

"It is a terrible scheme."

"It is our only one."

"I do not like it."

"You will act upon it, nevertheless."

It is perhaps needless to say that Cardinali finally agreed to carry out Margarita's awful plan for her husband's murder.

The next day Fadda received the following mysterious communication:

"It is a fact of common knowledge that your wife Margarita is on terms of unlawful intimacy with one Cardinali, a circus-rider. She sleeps at his house every night. Go to No. —, Avenue —, at ten o'clock to-night, and you will find them together. "A FRIEND."

Fadda was stunned and amazed at this epistle. First he thought it was a joke, and then a malicious falsehood. However, after due deliberation, he determined to probe into the mystery. He said nothing to Margarita at dinner, but at ten o'clock he went to her bedroom and found it empty. Her maid-servant was covered with confusion, and ran from him in tears. Fadda took his hat, but before leaving the house he wrote a letter, which he sealed and took with him. He went straight to the house of an old friend, gave him the letter, and made him promise not to open it for two days, and then went in search of the house mentioned in the anonymous note which he had received in the morning.

He found it a dilapidated-looking dwelling, in the slums of Rome. He knocked at the door twice, when it was opened by an old woman, with a lamp in her hand.

"Come in, come in, sir," said the crone.

Fadda entered.

The door was closed behind him, and the lamp suddenly extinguished. A man sprang out of the darkness and caught the captain by the throat. The two men fell struggling to the ground, where they writhed and fought. Fadda suddenly felt a sharp pain in the chest.

His assailant plunged a dagger deep into his breast.

The captain was dead when Cardinali and Margarita took him upstairs, laid him on a bed, and despoiled him of his money and jewels to give an air of robbery to the crime.

When Margarita got home, she found that her confidential maid had flown.

The servant—a silly, light-witted wench—terrified at the discovery Fadda had made, had gone straight to that particular friend of the Fadda family to whom the captain before going out had consigned the sealed letter.

Her master had found her mistress absent from her room, and thought her unfaithful. Her mistress was not really unfaithful, only foolish. Would the friend of the family put everything right?

The friend of the family broke open the sealed letter and read:

"I believe my wife to be unfaithful with a scoundrel named Cardinali, a circus-rider. If I do not return, look for my body at No. —, Avenue —, where I have gone to surprise Margarita and her lover."

In the morning Margarita went to the friend of the family, crying bitterly. Her husband was lost, had gone out the previous night, and had left no traces behind him. Did the friend think anything serious could have happened?

The friend said "No," but went at once to the police, and in their company forced an entry into No. —, Avenue —, where they found the dead body of Captain Fadda, lying on a bed in a pool of blood.

"Robbery," said the police, when they had searched the dead man's clothing.

"Nonsense!" answered the friend of the family, and put Fadda's last letter into the authorities' hands.

Margarita was arrested at once, and blood found on her clothing. Cardinali was seized an hour afterwards.

One of his coats was torn and besmeared with blood. His hands were scratched, and his body bruised severely.

The two were put on their trial for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to death, which just decree was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life. It was urged on Cardinali's behalf that he had acted throughout on the woman's instructions, and under her influence, and for Margarita it was contended that as she did not actually assist in the enactment of the crime, her life should not be forfeited.

Verily, the ways of the law are sometimes strange!

AUTHENTIC GHOST STORIES.

"Or 'in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!"
—SHAKESPEARE, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act v. Sc. 1.

PART I.



THE Hammersmith Ghost was one of the few sensations of the first half of last century. Its vagaries and mischievous pranks were in some cases productive of very serious consequences, and in no instance were more melancholy effects produced than in that of the unfortunate prisoner, whose case is now before us, who shot a poor man, who offended only in wearing the garb of his trade at night, and who was afterwards tried and condemned to death for the offence.

Among the other evil effects produced by the absurd proceedings of the ghost, it appears that one poor woman in particular, who was far advanced in her pregnancy of a second child, was so much shocked on seeing him, that she took to her bed, and survived only two days. She had been crossing near the churchyard about ten o'clock at night, when she beheld something, as she described, rise from the tombstones. The figure was very tall and very white. She attempted to run, but the ghost soon overtook her, and, pressing her in his arms, she fainted, and fell to the ground. In this situation she remained some hours, till discovered by some neighbours, who kindly led her home, when she took to her bed, from which she never rose.

The ghost had so much alarmed a waggoner, belonging to Mr. Russel, driving a team of eight horses, and which had sixteen passengers at the time, that the driver took to his heels, and left the waggon and horses so precipitately, that the whole were greatly endangered.

Francis Smith, the subject of this sketch, doubtless incensed at the unknown person who was in the habit of assuming this supernatural character, and thus frightening the superstitious inhabitants of the village, rashly determined on watching for and shooting the ghost, when, unfortunately, he shot a poor man, named Thomas Milwood, a bricklayer, who was in a white dress, the usual habiliment of his occupation. This rash act having been adjudged wilful murder by the coroner's inquest, Smith was committed to jail, and took his trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey.

The evidence adduced was that the unfortunate deceased had quitted the residence of his father and mother only five minutes before he was killed, and that, as he was passing along Black Lion Lane, the prisoner saw him, and called out, "Damn you, who are you? I'll shoot you if you don't speak!" No answer was returned, and the prisoner then fired, and the contents of his gun struck the deceased on the jaw, and he fell down dead. The prisoner immediately went in search of assistance, but it was found to be too late, and he then surrendered himself into custody. It afterwards proved that he had agreed with a watchman to go in search of the ghost, and that his only object was to rid the neighbourhood of the visitor who had occasioned so much mischievous alarm.

The defence set up was that no bad design actuated the prisoner in his attack upon the supposed spirit, and many witnesses were called who proved the alarm which had been occasioned by the visits of a preternatural being.

The Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Justice Rooke, and Mr. Justice Lawrence, who were on the Bench, severally expressed their opinion that the case proved amounted to murder, and that if a man killed another by design, without authority, but from a supposition that he ought to be killed, the offence amounted to murder. The Jury attempted to bring in a verdict of manslaughter only, but the opinion of the learned judges being repeated, they returned a general verdict of guilty, and recommended the prisoner to mercy.

The Recorder then passed sentence of death on the prisoner in the usual form; which was, that he should be

executed on the following Monday, and his body given to the surgeons to be dissected.

The prisoner, who was dressed in a suit of black clothes, was twenty-nine years of age, a short but well-made man, with dark hair and eyebrows, and the pallid hue of his countenance during the whole trial, together with all the signs of contrition which he exhibited, commanded the sympathy of every spectator.

The case excited great interest, and the court and its environs were crowded during the trial by persons anxious to learn his fate.

The Lord Chief Baron having told the jury, after they had given their verdict, that he would immediately report the case to His Majesty, was so speedy in this humane office that a respite during pleasure was sent to the Old Bailey before seven o'clock, and the prisoner received a pardon on condition of his being imprisoned during one year.

The ghost appears to have taken alarm at the consequences of his absurd trifling with the feelings of his fellow-subjects, and he was not again seen.

We cannot dismiss this subject without referring to other cases of supposed ghosts, which in their time attracted no inconsiderable portion of public attention, and excited no small



Pressing her in his arms.

degree of alarm. The most famous of these was known by the name of the "Cock Lane Ghost," and the circumstances connected with the case are so curious, and afford so fair a specimen of the easy credulity even of well-informed and otherwise sensible people, that we feel little hesitation in placing an account of them before our readers.

The Cock Lane Ghost kept London in a state of commotion for no short time, and was the universal theme of conversation among the learned and the illiterate and in every circle of society, "from the prince to the peasant." It appears that, at the commencement of the year 1760, there resided in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, in the house of one Parsons, the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre, a stock-broker, named Kent. The wife of this gentleman had died in child-bed during the previous year, and his sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, had arrived from Norfolk to keep his house for him. They soon conceived a mutual affection, and each of them made a will in the other's favour. They lived some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, borrowed money of his lodger. Some differences arose betwixt them, and Mr. Kent left the house, and instituted legal proceedings against the parish clerk for the recovery of his money.

While this matter was yet pending, Miss Fanny was suddenly taken ill of the small-pox, and, notwithstanding every care and attention, she died in a few days, and was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell Church. Parsons now began to

hint that the poor lady had come unfairly by her death, and that Mr. Kent was accessory to it from his too great eagerness to enter into possession of the property she had bequeathed him. Nothing further was said for nearly two years, but it would appear that Parsons was of so revengeful a character that he had never forgotten or forgiven his differences with Mr. Kent, and the indignity of having been sued for the borrowed money. The strong passions of pride and avarice were silently at work during all that interval, hatching schemes of revenge, but dismissing them one after the other as impracticable, until at last a notable one suggested itself. About the beginning of the year 1762, the alarm was spread over all the neighbourhood of Cock Lane that the house of Parsons was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny, and that the daughter of Parsons, a girl about twelve years of age, had several times seen and conversed with the spirit, who had, moreover, informed her that she had not died of the smallpox, as was currently reported, but of poison, administered by Mr. Kent. Parsons, who originated, took

arrival. It was then explained by Parsons that, although the ghost would never render itself visible to anybody but his daughter, it had no objection to answer the questions that might be put to it by any person present, and that it expressed an affirmation by one knock, a negative by two, and its displeasure by a kind of scratching. The child was then put into bed along with her sister, and the clergymen examined the bed and bedclothes to satisfy themselves that no trick was played by knocking upon any substance concealed among the clothes, as on the previous night the bed was observed to shake violently.

After some hours, during which they all waited with exemplary patience, the mysterious knocking was heard in the wall, and the child declared that she saw the ghost of poor Fanny. The following questions were then gravely put by the clergyman, through the medium of one Mary Frazer, the servant of Parsons, and to whom it was said the deceased lady had been much attached. The answers were in the usual fashion—by a knock or knocks:



"WHO ARE YOU? I'LL SHOOT IF YOU DON'T SPEAK!"

good care to countenance these reports, and, in answer to numerous inquiries, said his house was every night, and had been for two years—in fact, ever since the death of Fanny, troubled by a loud knocking at the doors and in the walls. Having thus prepared the ignorant and credulous neighbours to believe or exaggerate for themselves what he had told them, he sent for a gentleman of a higher class in life to come and witness these extraordinary occurrences. The gentleman came accordingly, and found the daughter of Parsons, to whom the spirit alone appeared, and whom alone it answered, in bed, trembling violently, having just seen the ghost, and been again informed that she had died from poison. A loud knocking was also heard from every part of the chamber, which so mystified the not very clear understanding of the visitor that he departed, afraid to doubt and ashamed to believe, but with a promise to bring the clergyman of the parish and several other gentlemen on the following day to report upon the mystery.

On the following night he returned, bringing with him three clergymen and about twenty other persons, including two negroes, when, upon a consultation with Parsons, they resolved to sit up the whole night and await the ghost's

"Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill-usage you received from Mr. Kent?"—"Yes."

"Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?"—"Yes."

"How was the poison administered, in beer or in purl?"—"In purl."

"How long was that before your death?"—"About three hours."

"Can your former servant, Carrots, give any information about the poison?"—"Yes."

"Are you Kent's wife's sister?"—"Yes."

"Were you married to Kent after your sister's death?"—"No."

"Was anybody else besides Kent concerned in your murder?"—"No."

"Can you, if you like, appear visibly to anyone?"—"Yes."

"Will you do so?"—"Yes."

"Can you go out of this house?"—"Yes."

"Is it your intention to follow this child about everywhere?"—"Yes."

"Are you pleased in being asked these questions?"—"Yes."

"Does it ease your troubled soul?"—"Yes."

[Here there was heard a mysterious noise, which some wisacre present compared to the fluttering of wings.]

"How long before your death did you tell your servant, Carrots, that you were poisoned? An hour?"—"Yes."

[Carrots, who was present, was appealed to, but she stated positively that such was not the fact, as the deceased was quite speechless an hour before her death. This shook the faith of some of the spectators, but the examination was allowed to continue.]

"How long did Carrots live with you?"—"Three or four days."

[Carrots was again appealed to, and said that this was true.]

"If Mr. Kent is arrested for this murder, will he confess?"—"Yes."

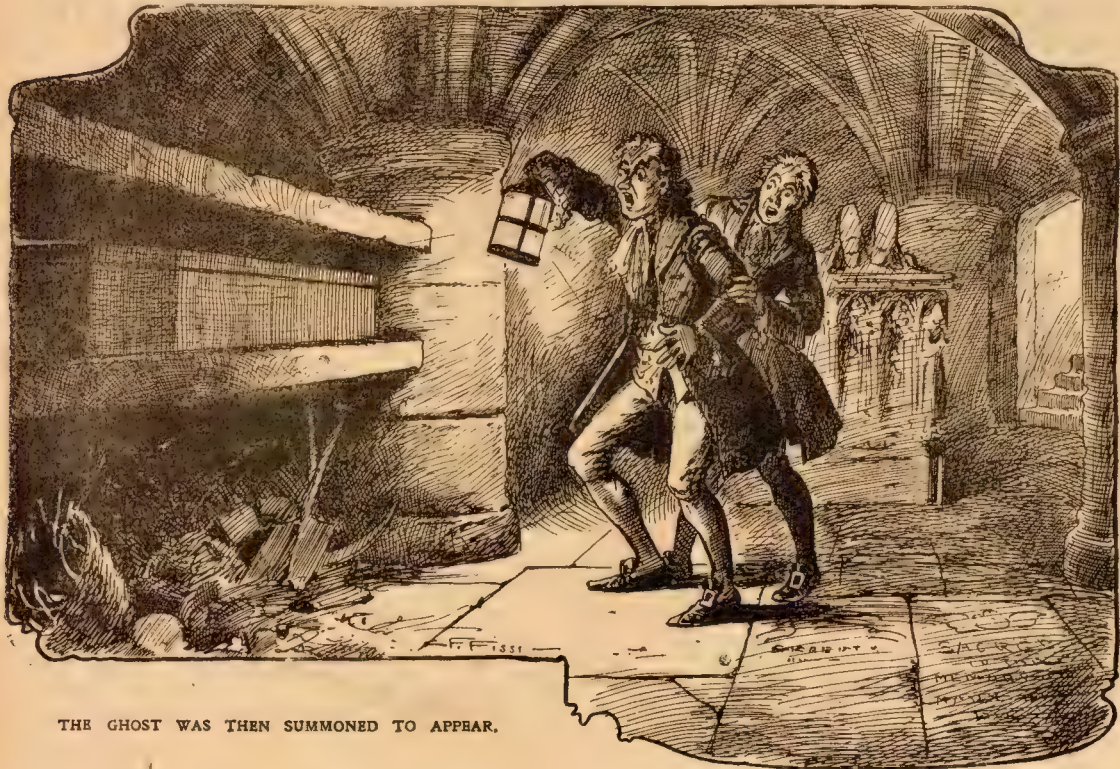
"Would your soul be at rest if he were hanged for it?"—"Yes."

"Will he be hanged for it?"—"Yes."

"How long a time first?"—"Three years."

haunted precincts, to admit those only who would pay a certain fee, an arrangement which was very convenient to the needy and money-loving Mr. Parsons. Indeed, things had taken a turn greatly to his satisfaction; he not only had his revenge, but he made a profit out of it. The ghost, in consequence, played its antics every night, to the great amusement of many hundreds of people and the great perplexity of a still greater number.

Unhappily, however, for the parish clerk, the ghost was induced to make some promises which were the means of utterly destroying its reputation. It promised, in answer to the questions of the Rev. Mr. Aldritch, of Clerkenwell, that it would not only follow the little Miss Parsons wherever she went, but would also attend him, or any other gentleman, into the vault under St. John's Church, where the body of the murdered woman was deposited, and would there give notice of its presence by a distinct knock upon the coffin. As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr. Aldritch, near the church, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their acquirements, their rank, or their wealth, had assembled. About ten o'clock on the night of the 1st of February the girl, having been brought from



THE GHOST WAS THEN SUMMONED TO APPEAR.

"How many clergymen are there in this room?"—"Three."

"How many negroes?"—"Two."

"Is this watch" (held up by one of the clergymen) "white?"—"No."

"Is it yellow?"—"No."

"Is it blue?"—"No."

"Is it black?"—"Yes."

[The watch was in a black shagreen case.]

"At what time this morning will you take your departure?"

The answer to this question was four knocks, very distinctly heard by every person present; and, accordingly, at four o'clock precisely, the ghost took its departure to the Wheatsheaf public-house close by, where it frightened mine host and his lady almost out of their wits by knocking in the ceiling right above their bed.

The rumour of these occurrences very soon spread over London, and every day Cock Lane was rendered impassable by the crowds of people who assembled around the house of the parish clerk, in expectation of either seeing the ghost or of hearing the mysterious knocks. It was at last found necessary, so clamorous were they for admission within the

Cock Lane in a coach, was put to bed by several ladies in the house of Mr. Aldritch, a strict examination having been previously made that nothing was hidden in the bedclothes. While the gentlemen, in an adjoining chamber, were deliberating whether they should proceed in a body to the vault, they were summoned into the bedroom by the ladies, who affirmed, in great alarm, that the ghost was come, and that they heard the knocks and scratches. The gentlemen entered accordingly, with a determination to suffer no deception. The little girl, on being asked whether she saw the ghost, replied, "No; but she felt it on her back like a mouse." She was then required to put her hands out of bed, and they being held by some of the ladies, the spirit was summoned in the usual manner to answer, if it were in the room. The question was several times put with great solemnity; but the customary knock was not heard in reply in the walls, neither was there any scratching. The ghost was then asked to render itself visible, but it did not choose to grant the request. It was next solicited to give some token of its presence by a sound of any sort, or by touching the hand or cheek of any lady or gentleman in the room; but even with this request the ghost would not comply.

There was now a considerable pause, and one of the clergy-

men went downstairs to interrogate the father of the girl, who was waiting the result of the experiment. He positively denied that there was any deception, and even went so far as to say that he himself upon one occasion had seen and conversed with the awful ghost. This having been communicated to the company, it was unanimously resolved to give the ghost another trial, and the clergyman called out in a loud voice to the supposed spirit that the gentleman to whom it had promised to appear in the vault was about to repair to that place, where he claimed the fulfilment of its promise. At one hour after midnight they all proceeded to the church, and the gentleman in question, with another, entered the vault alone, and took up their position alongside of the coffin of poor Fanny. The ghost was then summoned to appear, but it appeared not; it was summoned to knock, but it knocked not; it was summoned to scratch, but it scratched not; and the two retired from the vault with the firm belief that the whole business was a deception practised by Parsons and his daughter. There were others, however, who did not wish to jump so hastily to a conclusion, and who suggested that they were, perhaps, trifling with this awful and supernatural being, which, being offended with them for their presumption, would not condescend to answer them. Again, after a serious consultation, it was agreed on all hands that, if the ghost answered anybody at all, it would answer Mr. Kent, the supposed murderer, and he was accordingly requested to go down into the vault. He went with several others, and summoned the ghost to answer whether he had indeed poisoned her. There being no answer, the question was put by Mr. Aldritch, who conjured it, if it were indeed a spirit, to end their doubts—make a sign of its presence, and point out the guilty person. There being still no answer for the space of half an hour, during which time all these boobies waited with the most praiseworthy perseverance, they returned to the house of Mr. Aldritch, and ordered the girl to get up and dress herself. She was strictly examined, but persisted in her statement that she used no deception, and that the ghost had really appeared to her.

So many persons had, by their openly-expressed belief of the reality of the visitation, identified themselves with it, that Parsons and his family were far from being the only persons interested in the continuance of the delusion. The result of the experiment convinced most people; but these were not to be convinced by any evidence, however positive, and they therefore spread about the rumour that the ghost had not appeared in the vault because Mr. Kent had taken care beforehand to have the coffin removed. That gentleman, whose position was a very painful one, immediately procured competent witnesses, in whose presence the vault was entered, and the coffin of poor Fanny opened. Their deposition was then published, and Mr. Kent indicted Parsons and his wife, his daughter, Mary Frazer, the servant, the Rev. Mr. Moor, and a tradesman, two of the most prominent patrons of the deception, for a conspiracy. The trial came on in the Court of King's Bench, on the 10th of July, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, when, after an investigation which lasted twelve hours, the whole of the conspirators were found guilty. The Rev. Mr. Moor and his friend were severely reprimanded in open court, and recommended to make some pecuniary compensation to the prosecutor for the aspersions they had been instrumental in throwing upon his character. Parsons was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for two years, his wife to one year's and his servant to six months' imprisonment in the Bridewell. A printer, who had been employed by them to publish an account of the proceedings for their profit, was also fined fifty pounds and discharged.

The precise manner in which the deception was carried on has never been explained. The knocking in the wall appears to have been the work of Parsons's wife, while the scratching part of the business was left to the little girl. That any contrivance so clumsy could have deceived anybody cannot fail to excite our wonder. But thus it always is. If two or three persons can only be found to take the lead in any absurdity, however great, there is sure to be plenty of imitators. Like sheep in a field, if one clears the stile, the rest will follow.

About ten years afterwards London was again alarmed by the story of a haunted house. Stockwell, near Vauxhall, the scene of the antics of this new ghost, became almost as celebrated in the annals of superstition as Cock Lane. Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, who resided alone with her servant, Anne Robinson, was sorely surprised on the evening of Twelfth Day, 1772, to observe a most extraordinary commotion among her crockery. Cups and saucers rattled down the chimney, pots and pans were whirled downstairs or through the windows, and hams, cheeses, and loaves of bread

disported themselves upon the floor as if the devil were in them. This, at least, was the conclusion that Mrs. Golding came to, and, being greatly alarmed, she invited some of her neighbours to stay with her and protect her from the evil one. Their presence, however, did not put a stop to the insurrection of china, and every room in the house was in a short time strewn with the fragments. The chairs and tables joined at last in the tumult, and things looked altogether so serious and inexplicable that the neighbours, dreading that the house itself would next be seized with a fit of motion, and tumble about their ears, left poor Mrs. Golding to bear the brunt of it by herself. The ghost in this case was solemnly remonstrated with and urged to take its departure; but, the demolition continuing as great as before, Mrs. Golding finally made up her mind to quit the house altogether. She took refuge with Anne Robinson in the house of a neighbour; but his glass and crockery being immediately subjected to the same persecution, he was reluctantly compelled to give her notice to quit. The old lady, thus forced back to her own house, endured the disturbance for some days longer, when, suspecting that Anne Robinson was the cause of all the mischief, she dismissed her from her service. The extraordinary appearances immediately ceased, and were never afterwards renewed; a fact which is of itself sufficient to point out the real disorder. A long time afterwards Anne Robinson confessed the whole matter to the Rev. Mr. Brayfield. This gentleman confided the story to Mr. Hone, who has published an explanation of the mystery. Anne, it appears, was anxious to have a clear house to carry on an intrigue with her lover, and resorted to this trick to effect her purpose. She placed the china on the shelves in such a manner that it fell on the slightest motion, and attached horse-hairs to other articles, so that she could jerk them down from an adjoining room without being perceived by anyone. She was exceedingly dexterous at this sort of work, and would have proved a formidable rival to many a juggler by profession.

In later days the alarming vagaries of "Swing" and "Spring-heeled Jack" have occasioned scarcely less fun. Their claims to supernatural powers have not been supported by such plausible evidence as those of any of the ghosts which we have yet named, but their proceedings have been no less troublesome and mischievous to the well-disposed of the subjects of this realm.



Seven Years for a Twopenny Smoke.

IN 1840 the law was much harder on children than it now is, and on looking over the old calendars we cannot help being horrified at the severe sentences meted out to children for offences which ought to have been visited by a sound whipping at the utmost. Thus we find the Common Serjeant at the Central Criminal Court sending a little boy of thirteen to transportation for seven years for stealing a couple of cigars. It appears that three lads named Jerome, Wilson, and Rubidge entered a tobacconist's shop and asked for a pennyworth of twist. The shopkeeper said he could not sell so small a quantity, so Jerome asked for a penny cigar. When the case was opened, Jerome pretended to pick out a "weed," while the other lads collared a handful of cheroots and ran. Not wishing to be left in the cold, Jerome took two cigars and fled. The wise magistrates solemnly committed the three urchins for trial, and after a costly process, Jerome was sentenced to seven years' transportation, and the other lads ordered to be whipped and discharged.

The Forger's Defence.

A PERSON of the name of Foster was to be tried for forgery—in those days a capital offence—and he worried his counsel by insisting on interfering with the mode and manner of the defence to be adopted. At last the impatient prisoner exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if I don't conduct the case myself!"

"You'll be hanged if you do!" was the reply of his counsel, and the accused sighed and thought better of his intention.

Little Else.

A GOOD story is told of a certain barrister, rather famed for his smart sayings.

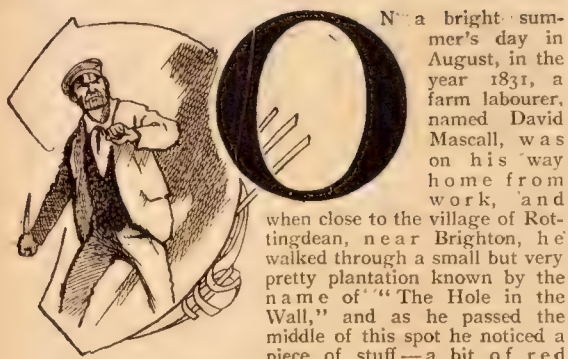
An attorney rejoicing in the name of Else complained that this gentleman was reported to have maligned him, calling him a pettifogging scoundrel. This Else was a man of small stature, so that the barrister's reply, "Sir, I did not call you either a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *little Else*," was singularly to the point.

The Rottingdean Murder.

HOW JOHN HOLLOWAY MARRIED A TERMAGANT, LEFT HER FOR ANOTHER WOMAN, LURED HER BACK TO MURDER HER, AND HAVING DISMEMBERED THE CORPSE HE HID HER REMAINS.

"Are women books?" says Hodge; "then would mine were An Almanack, to change her every year."

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "Poor Richard," Dec., 1737.



On a bright summer's day in August, in the year 1831, a farm labourer, named David Mascall, was on his way home from work, and when close to the village of Rottingdean, near Brighton, he walked through a small but very pretty plantation known by the name of "The Hole in the Wall," and as he passed the middle of this spot he noticed a piece of stuff—a bit of red

printed cotton—sticking out from beneath the soil. A feeling of intense horror came over him as he stood for a few seconds looking at the piece of clothing just protruding from the ground.

"I don't like to meddle with that," he said to himself, "for if that's part of the proceeds of a robbery, or the remains of some terrible crime, and I should happen to be seen interfering with it, I might get into trouble, so for the present I shall leave it alone."

He continued his journey homeward, and on his arriving there did not mention anything of what he had seen. During the night, however, he was not able to sleep, the sight of the piece of rag sticking out from the soil in the little plantation being constantly before him, whilst the same feeling of horror which came over him on first seeing it recurred frequently during the long, silent night.

The following day he felt very restless and uncomfortable, and a feeling of intense curiosity kept stealing over him, which prompted him to mention the matter to somebody, and which also suggested to him that he ought to see whether or not there was anything buried in the plantation besides a mere piece of red cotton. This feeling became so strong that on the following evening, August 12, he told one of his fellow-labourers, a man named Abraham Gilham, what he had discovered in the "Hole in the Wall," and asked him to accompany him and discover exactly what there was buried there. Gilham absolutely refused to go at first, but was finally prevailed upon to accompany Mascall, and they accordingly went, though not without a certain amount of nervous terror.

When they arrived within a few yards of the place Mascall suddenly exclaimed, "There it is! There!—look!—it's still there!"

They went to the spot, and Gilham remarked, "It's part of a woman's frock, sure enough."

"Well, what had we better do?" asked his companion.

"Oh, let's pull it out and see whether it's a whole frock or not," replied Gilham, and the two men tugged at the piece of stuff, but were unable to move it on account of the weight of soil on it. They tried to scrape the earth away with their hands, but the garment, or whatever it was, appeared to be buried very deeply, and they were compelled to desist from their efforts, as, without tools, they found they could not remove the mass of earth which held and covered the red printed cotton.

"It appears to me, David, that this is a newly-made grave," said Gilham.

"So it does to me, Abraham," said Mascall, "and it seems to me as though it smells dreadful."

"I don't like interfering with it further," said Gilham, "so I think we had better let it alone and go home."

They accordingly returned to their homes, and informed Gilham's wife and mother of what they had been doing. The curiosity of the women was aroused, and thinking that perhaps a reward might be obtained should they be fortunate enough to discover anything, they took a neighbour into their confidence—a Mrs. Sherlock—and the three women and two men agreed to get up early the next morning and see what they could find in the little plantation.

By six o'clock the following morning the quintette set out on their errand, duly provided with a spade and a garden fork, with which to unearth the whole of the red stuff and whatever else might be interred with it. On arriving at the spot the women declared there was something dreadfully wrong, by the horrible smell which permeated the atmosphere, and the men at once set to work digging round the outline of what appeared to be a grave. The end of the red cotton was gradually dragged up, and when about a yard off it had been uncovered and there still appeared to be a deal



This is a newly-made grave.

more of it under the soil, the searchers became alarmed, and communicated with Mr. Stanford, the owner of the "Hole in the Wall," and a police-constable in the adjacent village of Preston. The hole was now dug deeper, and the red rag was found to be wrapped round the thigh bone of a human being. The digging was proceeded with, and in a few minutes another thigh bone and the trunk of a human body, evidently, from the clothing, that of a woman, were discovered. A further search was made in the hope of discovering the head, arms, and legs, but the search proved unavailing. The High Constable of Brighton was at once sent for, and in a short time he and several police-officers were on the spot.

The news of the horrible discovery soon spread, and the plantation was visited by crowds of curiosity seekers. A full description of the clothing found on the trunk, and the pattern of the material was published, with the hope that someone might give information of any woman they had seen wearing a dress of a similar pattern. Amongst those whom curiosity had prompted to visit the spot was a Mrs. Bishop, of Brighton, who expressed her opinion that the remains were those of her sister, and this opinion was confirmed on comparing the red garment found wrapped round the trunk with a piece of material sewn into a patchwork

quilt belonging to Mrs. Bishop, and which piece had been given to her by her sister, and was of exactly the same pattern and stuff as that of the disinterred garment.

Mrs. Bishop informed the police that her sister, whose name was Celia Holloway, had lived very unhappily with her husband, John Holloway, who was known to have habitually ill-used her. She had been deserted by her husband, who had gone to live with another young woman, named Ann Kennett. Inquiries were at once set on foot, and the police discovered that Holloway, who was employed at the Chain Pier, had been living with the woman Kennett at lodgings in Brighton. On calling there they found Kennett at home, but Holloway was out, and the woman denied all knowledge of the affair, and asserted that she did not even know of the existence of such a person as Celia Holloway.

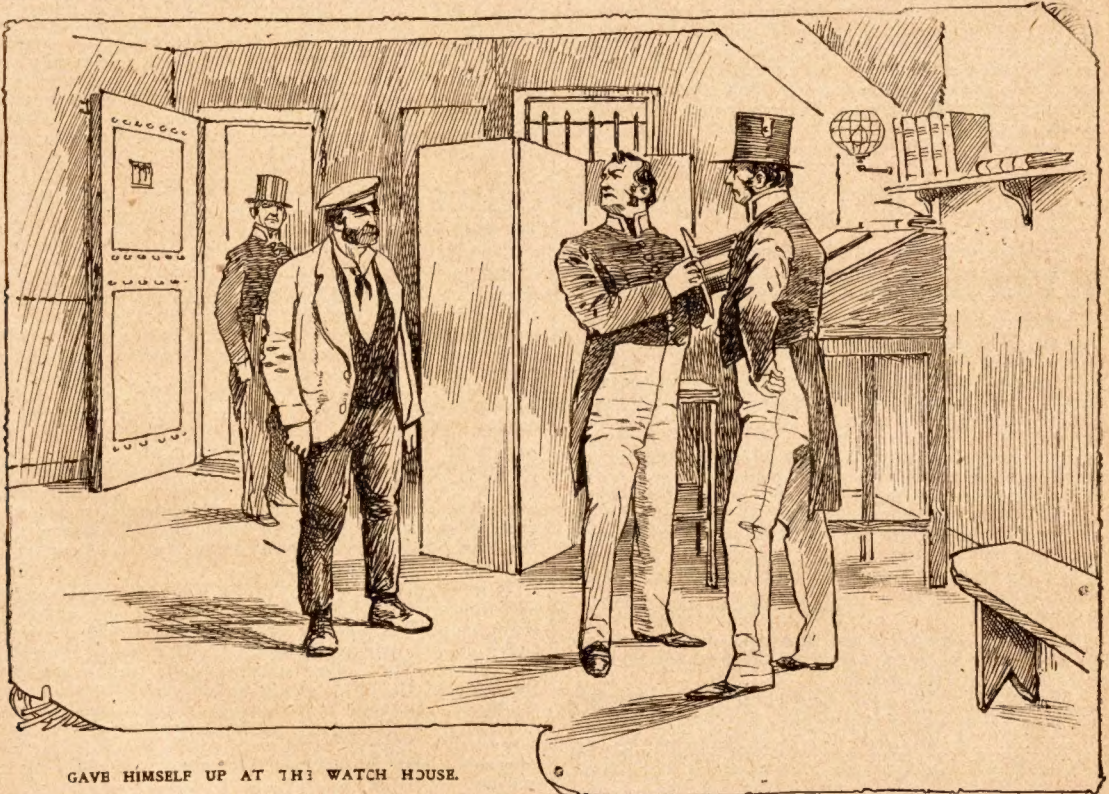
The police then went to a house in Margaret Street, formerly occupied by John Holloway, and a strict search of the premises was made. Nothing was found in the house itself, and they determined to empty the privy in the backyard, and, about two feet below the surface, they found something tied

head of a human being, and Police-Constable W. Pilbeam affirmed that he recognised the head found as that of the missing woman, Celia Holloway.

Mr. John Hardgrave and Mr. Richardson, surgeons, said they had made an examination of the remains which had been discovered, and that they were undoubtedly those of a woman about thirty-one years of age; death had been caused by suffocation, most probably through strangulation.

Several witnesses deposed to finding a box in the plantation containing other portions of the remains, whilst other witnesses said they had seen Holloway strike and otherwise ill-use his wife.

Frances Symmonds, a girl nine years of age, stated that she saw the prisoner, Holloway, come to her house about the 14th of July, and fetch a box away, and a boy named Marchant said he remembered Holloway bringing a box to another house he had taken, at No. 11, Donkey Row, Brighton. On seeing him take the box into the house he looked in, and the prisoner then said, "You be off, will you?"



GAVE HIMSELF UP AT THE WATCH HOUSE.

up in a piece of bed-ticking, which, on being opened, was found to be the head of the woman, Celia Holloway. A little lower down in the privy they came across the arms, with the clothing still on them, and the legs with the stockings on.

The collected parts having been washed and arranged together, the body was fully identified as that of Celia Holloway, and, as the police were unable to find John Holloway, his paramour, Ann Kennett, was taken into custody. A few hours after her arrest Holloway gave himself up at the watch-house at Brighton, at the same time asserting that he was innocent of the crime.

An inquest was held on the remains of the unfortunate woman at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Preston, the body was fully identified as being that of Celia Holloway, and, after other evidence had been heard, a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned against John Holloway, whilst Ann Kennett was charged with being an accessory.

The trial took place at Lewes Assizes on the 14th December, 1831, before Mr. Justice Patteson. David Mascal and Abraham Gilham proved the finding of the thighs and trunk of the deceased buried in a plantation at Preston, close to the farm of Mr. Stanford.

Mr. W. Muil said that, on examining a privy at a house in Margaret Street, where the male prisoner had once resided, he found under the night soil two legs, two arms, and the

The High Constable of Brighton, Mr. D. Folkard, testified that he had examined the house, No. 11, Donkey Row, which the prisoner, Holloway, had last taken. He found the stairs all covered with blood, and there was also a quantity of blood in the closet under the stairs.

A Mrs. Brown said that she resided in the next house to the one in Donkey Row which the prisoner had taken. One day in July she saw him bring a sack with something in it into his house, and three days afterwards she saw him carry a box out, tied up in a dirty handkerchief. He went down the yard with it, and then away into the street.

The jury hereupon said they were quite satisfied that the female prisoner, Ann Kennett, was entirely innocent of any complicity in or knowledge of the crime, and she was accordingly discharged.

A warder from Lewes Gaol, named Robert Salvage, deposed that Holloway, while in prison awaiting trial, had made two different confessions, which he (witness) had taken down in writing and now produced.

The first confession was as follows:

"Lewis Gaol, November, 1831.

"I became acquainted with the deceased about eight years ago. She was with child by me soon after our intimacy began.

"About seven years ago, in 1825, when I was about

nineteen years of age, the overseers compelled me to marry her. We lived pretty happily together at first, until my wife's relations took from us some furniture which they had given us to induce me to marry her.

"After that they did all they could to make us wretched, and my wife did all she could to destroy my peace of mind. Whereupon I left her and went to live with Ann Kennett, and we passed as man and wife.

"For some time before I committed the deed I had resolved to destroy my wife, and for that purpose I several times tried to induce her to accompany me to some retired spot so that I might dispatch her, but finding that of no avail, I took a house in Donkey Row, near Brighton, under pretence of again living with her.

"She then accompanied me there, and when I got her into the house I seized her by the throat unawares, and she fell to the ground. I then threw her under a chest of drawers, and continued pressing on her throat with all the force I could until I strangled her. When she had ceased struggling I took out my knife and cut her throat. I did not strip the body, but finding I could not carry off the corpse whole I cut off the head, and then divided the limbs with my knife, and then I cut her in the manner in which she has been found. I put the trunk and thighs into a box and carried them to the place where they were found in the corpse. Then I dug a hole and buried them there. I was the only person in the house when the murder was committed.

(Signed) "JOHN HOLLOWAY."

The prisoner, after making this confession and signing it before the magistrates, told them that his mind was greatly relieved.

A few days after having made the above confession Holloway asked to see the chief warder of the prison, and in his presence made another confession, which was as follows:

"After I had got my wife to the house in Donkey Row she sat down on the stairs. I then approached her, as if I was going to kiss her, but instead of that I suddenly tied the cord round her neck, threw myself upon her body, and exerted all my force to strangle her. She fell from the stairs and struggled a good deal, and then I took hold of one end of the cord in each hand, and continued stretching it till I had extinguished life. I then dragged the body to the closet underneath the stairs, where I hung it up for the night. The next day I went and took the body down, and cut it up, as before described. I then emptied the chaff out of the bed-ticking, and, putting the head, arms, and legs into it, I formed a bag, which, with the assistance of Kennett, I conveyed to Margaret Street and threw down the privy.

(Signed) "JOHN HOLLOWAY."

When these confessions had been read over the prisoner was asked what he had to say in his defence, and he made the following peculiar speech:

"My lord, some time ago a man named Winter committed a shocking murder; he was pardoned, therefore why should I be hanged? I don't wish to live—a man who commits murder ought to die—but I have the same right to be sent out of the country that Winter had. I know I committed the murder, but it is not plain or clear in evidence. The woman might have made away with herself, and out of fear I might have concealed it. I don't say that that is the case. Whether Celia was murdered or not, I don't wish to live, but let me only say this—Ann Kennett is innocent. I have no witnesses to call. I don't want witnesses to save my life."

The learned judge then summed up the evidence, commenting on the fact that the prisoner appeared to have premeditated the murder, for he had actually taken a house in Donkey Row, not for the purpose of living in it, for he was living somewhere else, but evidently for the special purpose of committing a murder in it. He called the attention of the jury to the fact that the deceased was seven months advanced in pregnancy at the time of her death, and that the doctor's evidence proved that the great violence to which she had been subjected had brought on premature labour. If the prisoner had by any unlawful act of violence been guilty of the death of the child only, that would amount to the crime of murder, but as mother and child had both succumbed to violence it was for the jury to say whether that violence had been inflicted by the prisoner. After referring to the other facts of the case, his lordship left it with the jury to decide as to the prisoner's guilt or innocence, and they, after a short consultation, found Holloway guilty.

The judge then assumed the black cap, and said, "Prisoner, at the bar, you have been found guilty after a most patient hearing of the crime of wilful murder, and the unfor-

tunate victim was the wife you had promised to cherish and support. The circumstances of the case are about the most barbarous and appalling that have ever come under my notice, and it now only remains for me to exhort you to make the best use of the short time you have to live, for I can hold out no hope of mercy or pardon here. The sentence I have now to pass upon you is, that you be taken from this place to the place from whence you came, and from thence to a place of execution, and there hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

After the prisoner's condemnation, and whilst awaiting execution at Lewes Gaol, he expressed a desire to see the Rev. Mr. Wetherby, and that gentleman and the Rev. Mr. Abbott visited him in his cell and had a long conversation with him, in the course of which he made a further confession of his career.

He informed them that his reason for saying that Ann Kennett was innocent was that he was anxious to save her life. From what could be gathered from the prisoner's statement, coupled with further information which was afterwards obtained respecting his life and antecedents, it is evident that he was of a naturally evil disposition. It was discovered that on more than one occasion he had induced young girls to accompany him in a boat on the sea, and when they were well away from land he had threatened to drown them unless they submitted to his vile wishes. In one instance the girl seemed to have been possessed of more than ordinary courage, as she fought and struggled in defence of her honour to such an extent that the boat was in danger of being upset, and she swore she would drown both him and herself if he did not at once abandon his wicked designs. He was ultimately compelled to row her back to the shore without having accomplished his nefarious object.

Whilst in gaol he formed a plot with a number of other prisoners to murder the warders and the governor and make their escape. The scheme, however, failed, and Holloway, as the leader of the gang, was kept in irons till the morning of his execution. Two days after his sentence he was removed from Lewes Gaol to Horsham for execution. He and the deceased were well known in that part of the country, the latter having been born of poor parents at Ardingley, in Sussex. Her maiden name was Celia Bashford, and she sometimes went by the name of Goldsmith. Her husband, the condemned man, was born at Littleton, and when a boy was employed by a butcher in that town. He afterwards worked as a bricklayer's labourer, a blockade man, and other unskilled pursuits, and finally obtained employment on the Brighton Chain Pier, where he worked up to the day of his surrender to the police.

A tremendous number of people assembled to witness the execution, and when Holloway appeared on the scaffold he was greeted with yells and groans. Calcraft was the executioner, and he quickly adjusted the noose round the neck of the culprit. Then, slipping beneath the scaffold, he drew the bolt and Holloway swung in full view of the immense multitude. He spun round and back again several times, and then gradually stopped and hung almost motionless, only a very slight swaying being perceptible as the piercing blast caught the body and caused it to swing, pendulum-like, to and fro.

Suddenly there was a horrified shriek from the crowd as the wretched culprit was seen to be twisting and writhing about, and now and then giving a fearful bounding plunge, as though he would break the hempen rope which suspended him. Round and round he spun, jerk after jerk he gave the rope, which creaked audibly in accompaniment to the groaning of the scaffold, which sounded as if it was being too highly tested, and caused the people to shout: "The gallows will break! Take him down!" And still he struggled in fearful fashion, and then one of his hands got loose, but he was not able to raise it to his neck in order to lessen the deadly grip of the rope, which was slowly and painfully, but surely, strangling his life out, as he had strangled that of poor Celia Holloway.

And amongst all that immense gathering there were none who felt any pity for the wretch, who fought and struggled before their eyes, dangling at the end of a rope, and gradually surrendering his life to his country's laws. But at length the last spark of life went out, and the body hung and spun slowly round, and the crowd stood silent, and gazed on the ghastly thing. As soon as life was extinct, Calcraft unpinioned the murderer's hands and commenced to apply one of them to the neck of a person suffering from a wen. The populace hooted, and the sheriffs intervened to stop the disgusting performance, as was described in the life of the hangman in these columns.

Criminal Problems

SHOULD PRISON LABOUR BE REMUNERATIVE?

THE dawn of the idea of employing prisoners in labour which is of some profit to the State is lost in the mist of antiquity. Natural feeling prevented the wholesale slaughter of the vast crowds of prisoners of war, and the victors, doubtless, thought that it was cheaper to obtain their labour for nothing than to pay free men to carry out the works in hand. Probably the pyramids were constructed largely by convict labour; we know that the Roman and Greek galleys were manned by prisoners, while the subjugated tribes in the East had to perform all the drudgery of the cities for their masters.

But it is not with the archæological aspect of prison labour that we have here to do; the present is far more important than the past. The questions before us are how far prison labour should be remunerative, and how far the State has a right to teach trades to the dishonest to the detriment of the honest.

Not many years ago the people of England were shocked by the revelations of awful sweating in the poorer parts of London, and the loudest outcry was raised at the ridiculous prices paid to poor seamstresses for making shirts. A searching inquiry showed that the prisons were really the cause of the depressed prices. In those days contractors used to be able to get their work done in Brixton Female Prison at ridiculously low prices, and the honest, free woman had to compete with the gaol if she wished to live. The suppression of crime was actually causing vice. Shirts have now been removed from the list of articles made in prisons.

But still the gaol competes, and that unfairly, with the free labourer. The mat-making industry, once flourishing, has been nearly ruined by the prisons. In almost any ironmonger's shop you can obtain "genuine prison-made mats," and people buy these, forgetting that there are still honest poor striving to make a living at mat-making without the incentive of the warder standing behind them.

It may be regarded almost as an axiom that no prison has a right to undersell free manufacturers. At the same time, gaols must be managed as profitably as possible for the benefit of the taxpayers, on whom the burden of their up-keep would eventually fall. If this be recognised, it will be seen that prisons, being the property of the Government, have still a perfect right to do work for the State at a lower rate than could be done by outside contractors, and it is in that direction that prison labour should be employed, thus at once saving the taxpayer and not hurting the poorer sections of the community.

It may be objected, for instance, that if the prisons did not make the nose-bags for the artillery, those articles would have to be made by artisans beyond the walls of the gaols. Granted; but the cost of those nose-bags has to be borne by the nation, and, in the interests of the people, must be purchased in the cheapest market. The case of goods for the services and for the use of the Government offices is totally different to that of goods for sale to civilians. In the latter instance it is taking money from one section of the public to give the benefit to individuals, in the former it is merely transferring money from one account to another, and effecting a saving to the country in the process. From this we may conclude that prison labour may only be remunerative when the goods manufactured are supplied to the State, when it effects a saving to the taxpayer and helps to support the gaols. No direct profit is permissible.

The second aspect of the labour question may be stated thus: In these hard times the honest complain that it is difficult enough to get work, but that the prisons are daily turning out men trained in various trades who compete with those who have never done wrong. This is looked upon as a grievance, but a moment's thought will show that the principle of teaching convicts a trade is sound. Prior to conviction very many, if not most, criminals have no definite calling, and their shiftless state leads them into crime. To teach these men to labour honestly at some particular trade for which they are fitted is to enable them to earn their living honestly when they leave gaol, and so prevent them again falling under the ban of the law. Every worker is of benefit to the State. Were they not taught some skilled craft, but all permitted to remain mere navvies, the labour market, as far as navvies are concerned, would be over-stocked, and great distress, followed by a rapid increase in crime, would result. As it is, the burden of extra competition is divided. Those who have mastered a particular calling before their fall are either employed at that trade, if the gaol possesses conveniences to that end, or are otherwise engaged until their term of servitude expires, prefer-

ence being given to using them for work requiring unskilled labour, if they are physically fit for it, so as not to lead them to abandon their original calling when they return to freedom. The State has, therefore, not only the right, but the obligation, to teach those fitted for it who fall into the clutches of the law some craft first of all for the reformation of the criminal, secondly for the better prevention of crime, and lastly to distribute the burden of competition.

LEAVES FROM OUR NOTEBOOK

Executed by Drowning.

IF we except the ducking of supposed witches, which was really regarded as a test of their innocence, drowning has never been in favour as a mode of execution in England. In Scotland it was almost unknown, the hardy Northerners preferring the rope and the sword or axe to despatch their culprit. The last authentic case of legal drowning, however, comes from the north of the Tweed. In 1697, Gordon, of Gordon's town, sitting in his court at Drains, in Morayshire, sentenced a woman convicted of theft to be drowned in the Loch of Spyne. When the lake was drained in the first decade of the last century the skeleton of the poor woman was found in the bed, and was identified by means of a ring on one of the fleshless fingers. As far as can be ascertained, only women were liable to be drowned, men suffering the death penalty by other means.

Excommunication in England.

THE last actual case of excommunication, according to the Law of England, occurred in 1787, when Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Bush, who had been married according to the rites of the Quakers, were cited before the Vicar-General of Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, for presuming to bear children when they had not been married in one of the established churches. The ladies, who were charged in their maiden names, refused to appear and at the same time their families increased, so that "William, Lord Archbishop of York," excommunicated them both for their souls' good. Still, the two Quaker dames flourished, and the angry prelate saw that his sentence had no effect on them, accordingly he petitioned the King to have them both arrested and thrown into prison, so that "those whom the fear of God does not restrain from evil, the severity of the law may at length repress."

Branding Criminals.

BRANDING those convicted of crimes was first introduced into the English Penal Code in the fourth year of the reign of King Henry VII. as a means of distinguishing those who had escaped punishment by pleading their ability to read or "their clergy." It was directed that such persons should be burned on the brawn of the left thumb with a red-hot iron before the court rose. In the time of James I. women convicted of larceny might be "whipped, burned in the hand, put into the stocks, or imprisoned for a year." William III. thought it would be a greater punishment if female thieves had their beauty spoilt, and so ordered that they should be branded with the letter "M" on the left cheek. Queen Anne took pity on the sinners of her own sex, and repealed the statute, but still permitted burning in the hand. Branding continued to be practised in England up to the middle of the reign of George III.; in France it was a recognised punishment as late as 1832, when it was removed from the penal code.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor
will be pleased to

answer any
suitable questions.

MARTIAL.—Duelling was abolished in the Army in 1843 at the direct instance of Queen Victoria.

A. J. W.—It is not illegal to transfer a dog licence to another person; but you cannot do it for all that.

M. R.—The punishment of boiling to death was established by Henry VIII. and abolished by Edward VI.

SARTOR.—The black cap is worn by judges when they meet the Lord Mayor of London as well as when passing the death sentence.

QUERY.—There is now no such official as the "Public Executioner." The unpleasant duty is entrusted to skilled men, but they have no recognised status.

LOVELY HAIR.

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